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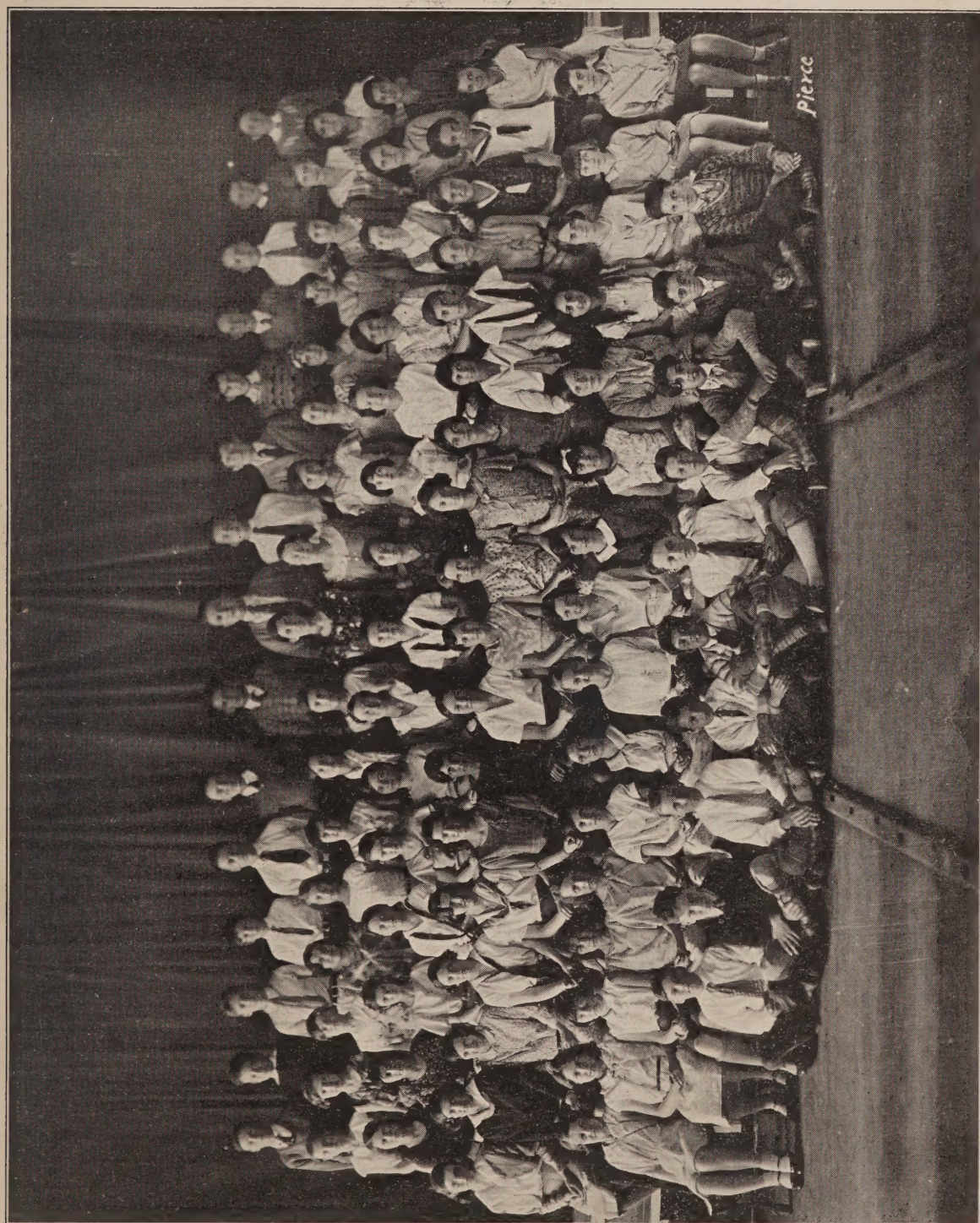
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THE POINTER STAFF

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THE POINTER

Quincy Point Junior High School

VOL. III

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THE POINTER STAFF

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EDITORIALS

STUDY PERIODS

On the whole, most pupils utilize these periods to their fullest advantage, which is as it should be. They are given to students for a purpose, to catch up on work left incomplete and to lessen homework. The sooner boys and girls start to use these study periods wisely—to start work immediately and to work continuously—the better off they will be in regard to marks and general self-improvement—and happiness. THE EDITOR.

HOMEWORK

To the average student homework is something to be dreaded. That's the old-fashioned idea. With all modern equipment you can make play of your home assignments. The first requirement is to arrange near you everything you are likely to need, and then pitch right in! With absolute concentration you'll be surprised to see how fast you will progress. And then, after a little effort, that satisfied feeling of work well done will be yours. Try it!

THE EDITOR.

REPORT CARDS

In striving to obtain good marks on report cards, don't lose sight of the fact that it is what you have learned in getting those marks that is most important. Good report cards are a goal to strive for, an incentive to urge us on in our work, and we should try to win some creditable ones. But let the knowledge we shall be able to apply to our future tasks as a result of good reports be every student's ultimate goal, not the mere wish to take home a bit of pasteboard well sprinkled with "A's" and "B's."

THE EDITOR.

IS YOUR SCHOOL CLEAN?

Keep your school clean. It is only a short command, but it has a big meaning.

Do your duty by keeping your school yard, corridors and classrooms clean and neat.

Pick up all the papers, orange peels and other trash that you see in the yard or any place in school and put them into the waste basket.

If all co-operate, our school will be a great source of pride to our community.

Doris Rosenhek, 8-6.



SILVER BAIT

Spring had arrived, and Lakeport was teeming with activity. Brooks and streams resounded to the supple snap and twang of the rods of eager anglers. The reason for all this activity was that Mrs. Cyrus Hopedale, the town's wealthiest citizen, had offered a beautiful silver cup as an alluring temptation to the prowess of the juvenile fishermen in bagging the largest fish. The contest was to start at the opening of and to cease one week before the close of the fishing season.

Our story is to center mainly about Glen Harrison, a rich city boy vacationing in Lakeport; Joseph Chandler, a native lad of Lakeport, and Zeb Brown, an old guide and resident of Lakeport, noted for his gun and rod prowess. The first-mentioned had in his possession every imaginable device necessary to and influential in the catching of fish from rods to flies. This was in direct contrast to Joe, whose equipment was of the simplest construction, but there was a certain skill in the touch of the boy that made his crude implements very effective. As for old Zeb Brown, his skill was superhuman—he needed no elaborate tackle. Of late, however, the old man had taken to living by himself, his only companion a much-loved and ancient fox terrier named Rags, of a very pugnacious attitude, who would attack any creature he came upon. These few words will suffice for the description of our characters, and we will now get on with the story.

The first few weeks did not have any spectacular results; the largest fish was caught by Ned Harmon, a seven-pound lake trout. These fish were quite numerous; the largest ever taken scaled sixteen pounds seven ounces, and was captured by a guide. Zeb Brown was next with a sixteen-pounder. With specimens such as these at hand, most of the contestants frequented their haunts. Finally, four days before the end of the contest, Joe landed a fourteen pound eight ounce beauty, and submitted it to the committee for mounting. He felt immensely happy and proud until two days later Glen Harrison strolled in with a fifteen pound four ounce fish which was placed over his own. Joe walked slowly out and home where his father and mother, upon hearing the story, sympathized duly and tried to comfort the boy. All attempts were in vain, however, and when morning broke it arrived to find a very disconsolate boy in the Chandler household.

At an early hour Joe was off for the woods, there to wander about and try to reconcile himself to his disappointment. Finally, his sporting nature reasserted itself, and he turned his footsteps homeward. He had progressed only a few feet, however, when a sudden screeching, snarling and growling reached his ears from a nearby grove. He hurried toward it and, cautiously entering, beheld a small-sized dog and a bob-cat fighting furiously. He recognized the dog as Rags, Zeb's old pal. The dog was being worsted, until Joe seized

a heavy stick of wood and advancing struck the bob-cat a hard blow. The animal, having no further taste for the encounter, fled in haste. The lad then gathered the weakened dog into his arms and carried him to the old cabin about a mile away. In answer to the boy's hail Zeb rushed out and lifting the dog carried him into the cabin. Not until Rags' wounds had been tenderly and skillfully cared for did the man address the boy, and then, "You found him?" Joe nodded to the old fellow's question as he mentioned how he happened to be in the woods. Zeb burst forth with: "Say, are you in that fishing contest?" and upon being answered in the affirmative, a red flush of shame suffused his features.

"Wal, boy, you did the squarest thing by me and my dog, and, by cracky! I'll do the same by you. As you know, I've allus held a grudge agin the townfolk on account of that passel of land I was defrauded of nigh eleven years back. Then, when that Harrison boy come and asked me to fish for him, I'd heard of the contest and suspected what he wanted 'em for, but said nothing, as he paid me well."

"Then it was you that caught the fish?" burst forth Joe.

"It sure was, son," returned Zeb as he rose. "Come on an' we'll make things right."

Things happened quickly in the next few hours. The chairman of the judges' committee was interviewed and everything explained satisfactorily.

That night, as Joe stood before the crowd in the town hall and was asked for a speech, he replied: "I was wondering what sort of bait that fellow used, but I couldn't fathom it out."

The chairman rose and said: "The other fellow used a bait which would be spurned by any Lakeport boy—Silver Bait."

To this day any visitors to the Chandler home of Lakeport may see the cup, which Joe so honorably and deservedly won, occupying the place of honor among many other esteemed trophies of field, forest and stream.

Irving Latham, 9-1.

THE MISSING PAGE

I

"Oh, mother, it's lovely! I love it!" Amy, aged nine, smiled at her mother gratefully.

"Are you sure it's all right and that you're not too old for dolls?" asked Mrs. Marlowe anxiously.

"It's beautiful!" Amy reassured her. "Just to think that great grandad's little girl used to play with this doll is enough to make anyone love it! What a nice dress you made for the doll, mother." Amy pulled her doll close to her, kissed her mother, and went slowly upstairs. As she proceeded she heard a sound which made her stop suddenly. She tapped gently on a bedroom door, but there was no response; so turning the knob quietly, she stepped into the room. The sight which met her eyes caused her to sigh.

Marion, eyes red and slightly swollen, turned to her sister. "Do you want me?" she asked.

Amy walked over to the side of the bed where her sister was lying. "What's the trouble, Marion?" she questioned gently.

"Nothing much,—just the same old thing. Money! Daddy's falling from the roof where he was shingling has made it difficult for all of us. Mother has been working so hard that the doctor says she must have a complete rest. That will stop that income, but, of course, mother must have her health."

"If we could only find that diary of Grandad's telling where he hid the treasure! That would be wonderful!"

"It isn't the diary we need. We have that. It is that missing page. On the fifth page of the diary it says, 'I hid my money by the—,' and then the next page is missing. On that page are the words telling where the money is! If that were found there would be no more poverty. Mother could have a complete rest and Daddy might get well. Do you suppose we could find that page?"

II

"Mother, don't you think it would be nice to have a picnic supper at the beach this evening?"

"You young children go along and enjoy yourselves, but I must finish that sewing for Mrs. James," replied their mother.

"Nonsense, Mother," argued Marion. "You're going with us. You can do that sewing later."

So, in about an hour a small group set forth for the rocks by the seashore. Amy with her china doll was in high spirits. Soon they came in sight of the beach. Mrs. Marlowe stood still, drinking in the beauty of the scene before her.

The sea was very blue, although rough. A white, foamy spray dashed high against the big rocks and then fell back into the sea again. The sky hinted that there would be a glorious sunset. Around them in the tall, stately pines birds sang their good-night songs.

Mrs. Marlowe turned to Amy and said impulsively, "It's worth being poor to be near all this beauty! How it rests my mind!"

"Mother," called Amy, running up from the rocks, "we've found the nicest place. Can we eat now?"

"I don't see why not. Tell Jean to spread the cloth, and have Marion put on the sandwiches. You can go exploring, but don't go too near the water." With these words Mrs. Marlowe sat down on the soft grass and, making a pillow of her sweater, lay down for a short rest.

How long she slept she did not know, but she was awakened by a short clap of thunder. She sat up quickly, put on the sweater, and went down to the rocks. No one was to be seen.

"Why didn't they call me? Where are they? What shall I do?" Such thoughts ran through her mind as she looked around. Suddenly she spied a piece of paper hanging out of the basket, and eagerly read:

"Don't worry about us. We have gone in search of Amy and know where to find her. Do not worry. We shall be home before the storm starts. Jean."

III

"Do stop talking all at once," implored Mrs. Marlowe, laughingly.

"Oh, but Mother, it is so exciting!" replied Marion, picking up a small piece of paper lying on the table.

"Well," answered Mrs. Marlowe, "I scarcely know what it is all about. Now, all be quiet and let Marion explain carefully."

"It was this way," began Marion, settling her hands in her lap. "Jean and I were very busy making the picnic table look nice, and we scarcely realized that it was getting cooler. Suddenly Jean glanced up and saw the dark clouds gathering in the sky. All of a sudden we heard an awful crash of thunder, and as we looked around we found Amy had wandered away. Just then I remembered she had told me she was going down to the beach to play. We quickly tore off a piece of paper

and wrote that note to you. Without waiting to wake you up, we went to get Amy. We surely thought we would be back before long, so we didn't bother to call you.

"In about fifteen minutes we reached the beach. There we found Amy sobbing as if her heart would break. In front of her lay her doll, head broken and in a very forlorn state. Amy told us she had tripped and dropped the doll on a rock. We gathered up the doll and comforted Amy the best we could. But as we turned to go, I noticed a piece of paper. I casually picked it up and saw—"

"The missing page!" interrupted Jean. "Grandpa had hid it in the doll's head. Look at what it says—'big pine in back yard, three feet north, two feet west, dig five feet.'"

"Grandad's little girl must have broken the doll's head, and Grandad must have thought that a safe place for the missing page," mused Mrs. Marlowe.

"Treasure hunt tomorrow!" sang Amy.

"You bet!" Marion agreed.

IV

"Now," said Mrs. Marlowe, "here is the big pine tree. Here, Jean, take the other end of the measure; stand over there. Now, one, two, three."

"Mother, do hurry!" begged Amy.

"Patience, little one," quoth Marion severely, but with a twinkle in her eye.

"Now," continued Mrs. Marlowe, "we measure three feet north and—" She measured a second, and then said, "Girls, the treasure is right here! James, hurry and dig!" They were all silent as James dug. Suddenly he gave an exclamation, and at this the girls nearly fell into the hole so great was their excitement.

Quickly Mrs. Marlowe drew up a large chest, and then measured off the required distance for the key. This time as a hole was made a smaller box came into view. She opened the box, and on the surface lay a large brass key. Mrs. Marlowe tried it in the chest, and with a creak and a groan the lid flew up. Marion gave a cry of delight and wonder. On the top of a large piece of cotton lay many rubies. Mrs. Marlowe lifted out the first layer and handed it to Marion. A glitter of diamonds met her eyes as she again bent forward. Once more she took off the layer, and there lay many, many gold coins and an envelope. The envelope was addressed—"To my Grand-daughter Phyllis."

Mrs. Marlowe with trembling fingers shook off a piece of paper, yellow with age, and read:

"Dear Phyllis:

"At last I have found a safe place to hide my diary sheet. Poor Patience broke her doll's head and was heartbroken. She brought it in to me, and just before glueing the head I shall put in this paper. I have had summons to go to war. If I should never return, I hope you will make good use of the money. My dear, I wish you all the success in the world. Grandad."

Mrs. Marlowe smiled at her daughters. "All will be well," she said.

Louise Andrews, 8-1.

THE STOWAWAY

On the corner of Main Street three boys were quarreling.

"You'd be afraid to go as a stowaway yourself, so what are you laughing at?" said Jimmy Clarke.

"Of course I wouldn't be afraid," said Bert Wilson.

"If I dared you to would you do it?" asked Cliff Barslow.

"Of course," Bert assured him.

"Then I dare you to," challenged Cliff.

"W—well, I c—c—could,—but what ship would I go on and what would my m—mother say?" stammered Bert.

"Bert's a scared-cat, Bert's a scared-cat," taunted Jimmy. Then he added, "The *Flying Gull* sails at eleven o'clock tonight, and you can tell your mother you're going to stay over at Ralph Smith's house."

"All right," said Bert. So he told his mother the alibi, and then packed his bag. After saying goodbye to the family, he walked out into the night.

Stealthily he walked to the pier and still more stealthily he crept aboard the ship. With much difficulty he found a hiding place in an empty closet. Soon he felt the ship moving, and then the motion of the waves rocked him to sleep.

When he awoke he heard the frantic shouting of the sailors. The ship was rocking so violently that he could not sit still in one place for a minute. Suddenly the closet door broke open and the water gushed in!

II

"Well, well," said Mrs. Barslow, "isn't this too bad! The *Flying Gull* sank in yesterday's storm and—why, Clifford, what's the matter? You look like a ghost."

"Nothing's the matter," muttered Clifford as he stumbled from the room.

He called Jimmy and told him about the *Flying Gull*.

"What shall we tell his mother?" demanded Jimmy, trembling.

"I—I don't know," answered Cliff.

"Let's get the paper and read about it," suggested Jimmy.

"All right," said Cliff.

"Well, listen to this, Jimmy!" exclaimed Cliff: "In yesterday's storm the *Flying Gull* was sunk. Only ten were rescued, among them a stowaway who refused to give his name. He . . ."

Four days later Bert came home, and his mother greeted him at the station.

"Bert, where are your clothes?" his mother spoke severely.

"I d—don't know—they're in the water," said Bert.

"My goodness sakes alive! Give me a good answer," she cried. But Bert refused to say another word.

Ida Stern, 7-8.

THE FLYING DETECTIVE

An ancient Jenny roared into the airport at Rio Grande, but as it landed one of the wheels caught in a rut and the Jenny landed on her back. Out rushed a crowd of mechanics, only to find the pilot crawling from the wreck, apparently unhurt.

Field Manager Scott looked the plane over critically and said, "It'll take a good bit of money to get that crate back into the air."

"Don't I know it," replied the pilot, who was Jim Henderson; "and I haven't got the money to fix it."

"Well, we'll keep it till you can get some," said Scott.

"Thanks," replied Jim, gratefully.

The crowd had now dispersed except for one oily-looking individual who answered to the name of Don Pedro. He walked over to Jim with a swagger, saying, "I heard you say that you have no money with which to fix your plane."

"Right," was Jim's short reply.

"Are you particular how you make your money?" asked Don Pedro.

"No," replied Jim slowly.

"Well, how about smuggling opium across the border."

"Boy! You certainly took me by surprise. But I'm game," said Jim, who was evidently taken aback by the Don's words.

"Good! Now, listen. I've got a new Spartan biplane at my ranch. You'll come out to take me up and we'll fly about. Then we will develop motor trouble," here the Don winked suggestively. "But we'll save ourselves by a long glide over the border. The peons will come running out to see what is the matter. We'll get out to fix the motor, and as we do, the opium will be placed in a compartment under my seat. Then we'll fly back and none will be the wiser. If anything should go wrong, I have a machine gun hidden by a turtleback in the rear cockpit. The turtleback can be taken off at a minute's notice. Come out to the ranch about four o'clock," concluded the Don excitedly.

"O. K.," replied Jim, who had listened attentively all the while.

Afternoon came, and everything worked out as planned by Don Pedro. But, just as the plane landed, Jim, who was in the front cockpit, turned and ordered the Don, at the point of a gun, to throw up his hands.

"We've got you this time, Don. We knew someone was smuggling opium. I had my suspicions. Before I came here I called up the commanding officer of the customs at Dallas. Why, here they are now!" exclaimed Jim, as he heard the sound of approaching feet.

A crooked smile spread over Don Pedro's face as he said, "Your friends must be late; these are my men."

The Don ordered Jim to climb out. With a heavy heart Jim started to do so. He climbed out of the cockpit, and as he started to jump to the ground his foot slipped as he fell headlong into the rear cockpit. When he got up he laughingly said, "Don, a crook never gets away. Just turn around and you'll find yourself looking into the gun barrels of those friends of mine who were late."

With an exclamation of disbelief the Don and his men turned around. As they did so,

Jim, with a lightning-like movement, threw off the turtleback and brought the hidden machine gun to bear on the Don and his men. The Mexican was white with rage when he saw how he had been tricked.

Suddenly the silence was broken by the eerie shriek of a siren. A large car swept around a bend in the road. As it drew close, it revealed men in army uniforms.

"Good work, Lieutenant!" called the man in charge to Jim. "We had a blowout; that's why we're late."

"You were almost too late!" exclaimed Jim, who was happy because he had done his duty as the first Flying Detective.

John Goldie, 9-2.

FROM DORCET TO GREENWICH

Greenwich Priory was an old monastery which had for countless years been the resting place of many a weary traveler bound for the great city of London. Its vine-covered walls stood high above the deep moat, and could be seen for miles across the hills through which the Frome River rushed swiftly on its course through the green country.

Father Ambrose, an old monk, was strolling with a scroll in hand through the green meadows surrounding the castle. As he emerged from a clump of stout young oaks, his eyes fell upon a small, rudely constructed bow, of some child's making.

"Ah, methinks a lad hath passed but shortly in this lane," he remarked, stooping to pick up the crude weapon. "Yes, and here is a child's footprint. Maybe he doth wish to regain his small weapon."

So thinking, he turned down the lane and there directly before him was the lad, no older than twelve, trudging slowly towards the priory.

"Wait, my lad," called the monk, walking as fast as his long robe permitted. "Art thou alone?"

"Aye, father; 'tis hungry and tired I be, after my long walk in the open air. 'Tis long, too, since I left Doreet."

"If it be but hunger that aileth thee, it shall not be for long. Yonder is Greenwich Priory, where thou shalt eat and rest. Here is thy bow. Now hurry, for it is about to rain."

The two hastened toward the priory gate. The draw-bridge was lowered as they appeared, and ere it was closed again the first downpour of rain came. The two dashed for shelter, and soon crept into the monk's quarters, where they dried their wet clothing and found food and drink.

"What be thy name?" spoke the monk then.

"Robin, father. I know not mine other name."

"Well, then, Robin, thou needest rest, so be off to thy blanket." Father Ambrose bid the lad good-night, and turned also to his bed.

The next day Robin appeared, much refreshed by the rest, but glad to stay for a while at the priory as he was bid.

He began at once to practice archery with an old archer, and gained rapidly, as he loved the art. He was also schooled by Father Ambrose in writing and reading.

Three weeks after his arrival, finding himself with no lessons, and his teacher of archery busy, Robin began to investigate the priory. He knew that the place had long ago been an old castle, where many battles had been fought. What fun, he thought, to find passageways, dungeons and things concerned with knights of old!

In the chapel he found a small stone doorway, and pushing back the bar, he pulled the heavy door open. But there was only a dark hole.

"Ah!" he murmured, "methinks a torch may be needed, and my bow."

So Robin ran back to his room, found what he wished, and returned to the chapel, where he stepped slowly into the hole, the torch lighting the way. He held his bow firmly behind him and began his cautious adventure. The passage turned and twisted and continued in a downward course. Robin followed, bewildered, wondering where it led. He was growing tired of walking—nowhere, as it seemed—when he heard a sudden falling of rocks and stones in the passageway behind him! He felt a rush of air, his torch flame turned with the wind, and, with one dying gasp, went out, enclosing the startled boy in an intense blackness.

Robin turned whence the sound came and stumbled blindly down the passage, guided only by the stony walls on either side. In his excitement he had dropped his beloved bow. He was frightened. What had happened? What had caused the distant falling?

"Maybe 'tis a trap mine old enemy, Richard of Doreet, hath laid to starve me into telling him what is not for his ears," he mused, as he stumbled onward. "And yet it might be just the oldness of the castle hereabouts for—"

His musings came to an abrupt stop as he stumbled and fell against a solid barrier of fallen rocks and stones.

"Ah, what will be mine fate in this trap?" he cried, pushing at the barrier between him and freedom, fear tearing at his heart.

Then, turning hopelessly, he retraced his steps along the passage, his utmost vow to find somehow, somewhere, the daylight that was forbidden in this winding blackness.

His quiet step grew slower and slower as the hours drew on and the way seemed endless, leading nowhere. Almost on the verge of giving up, his hand, raised forward to feel the way, came in contact with the feel of cold iron bars.

"Father, I prithee, a door! But ah, my fate, is it locked against me?" This gentle prayer for help was uttered as the tired lad gave his last ounce of strength toward budging the door, as the bars were too close to let even so small a lad pass through. This door led to freedom—he hoped.

"Ah, 'tis freedom!" he gasped, as he felt the cool air and saw the dark sky with a few stars above. But they were outside the bars! He felt the door yielding; he stepped forward—and fell into nothingness!

He felt the rush of water as it closed over his head. He had fallen into the deep moat! He had followed a passage leading outside of the castle wall that in time of war had helped the besieged to freedom.

His arms worked frantically and he felt the cool air above the moat. He searched the upper wall for the dark shadow of a guard. Yes, he saw one just for a moment.

"'Tis I, in the moat!" he shouted, his voice weakened by the sudden icy waters. "'Tis Robin. Throw a rope ere I go under!"

The form on the wall, hearing the faint echo of the weak voice, soon uncoiled a rope, and with the loop once around Robin's body, pulled the soaked lad up and over the wall on to solid ground. Then with the help of Father Ambrose, Robin was soon in his bed, dropping instantly off to sleep, too tired to talk.

The next day he related the adventure to Father Ambrose, who was rather surprised.

"While you were away," Father Ambrose told Robin, "a messenger came to say that, on trying to ford the Frome River, Richard Brassen was carried away with the current, and his body later found by two shepherds. He said that if Robin be here he would be much gladdened by this news. What dost he mean by this?"

"I will tell my story, and I think it will answer thy question," Robin agreed, rejoicing at the discovery of the death of his enemy. "Eight months ago in Doreet I was squire in the King's livery. The King was planning to gather his English knights in combat against France. I was sent with two others to find the Duke of Reeds and inform him of the plans. Richard Brassen, son of Duke Brassen of France, heard of mine knowledge of the King's plans, and was eager to capture me and get the information from mine lips, and thus cause the downfall of the King's army. The King had given me orders to stay at some near town or castle, if I did not reach the Reed Castle in three days, until I was able to return. It was on the third day that you found me, and so I have stayed here at Greenwich Priory. That is my story."

Avis Walker, 9-5.

THE REIGN OF THE ARISTOCRATS ENDS

For a part of the distance between Paris and Rouen, the road, first on one side of the creek and then on the other, occupies the whole bottom of the ravine, being partly cut out of the steep hillside, and partly built up with boulders removed from the creek beds. It was through these difficult places that I struggled,—I, the last of the Duvalles, the most respected aristos of France,—fleeing from Madame Guillotine, who claimed the heads of so many of our class. If I could help it, my hair would not be used by some old hag who delighted to braid the hair of the guillotine victims into reins for horses!

I had been traveling now for three nights, concealing myself during the day and then, long after sundown, continuing my ceaseless journey. I had no protection for my feet, my shoes having been disposed of when I was forced to swim the remaining quarter of a mile of the Seine River while the boat on which I had been traveling was inspected by the French citoyens. The plans which I had

made at the beginning of my journey had thus far succeeded. The only thing which encouraged me to go on was the thought that my life would be my own once I had reached the shores of England.

Suddenly through the stillness of the night I heard the creaking of wheels and the plod, plod of horses' hoofs. Fear spread over me. They had found that one proud member of the Duvalle family had escaped from the enraged peasants of France! I quickly hid behind a clump of bushes, hoping against hope that I would not be discovered. Then just as the vehicle approached my hiding place, the moon emerged from behind a cloud and revealed the bent form of an old man crouching low over the reins of his horse that showed signs of abuse and ill-treatment. Then, raising his whip in the air, he spoke to his horse. For a brief moment I forgot my predicament as I heard the voice. In my place of concealment I stretched out my full length of Duvalle aristocracy and let the feeling of contempt and hatred surge over me. The man was a Jew! One of those despicable Jews! But then it all came back to me. I could no longer act scornfully toward him. He was my equal—the reign of nobility had ended.

An idea flashed through my mind. I summoned all the brains within my power to develop it, for I believed it would save my life. Stepping out into the road in front of the Jew and his contraption, I motioned for the creature to halt, which he did when he noticed the coins which I was jingling in my hand.

"Well, Abraham, Joshua, Isaac or whatever appellation was bestowed upon you."

"Nathan, if you please, sir." The "sir" added because of the prospects of the coins.

"Have you room for an extra passenger in that fine coach of yours?"

"Always room for men as honorable as yourself, citoyen."

"Then here you are," throwing the coins in the gutter near the creek.

As the Jew clambered down to pick up the coins, I pushed his head into the creek and held it there until the lack of breath made him cease his struggling and left him weak, though still living. Then I stripped him of his filthy clothing, hastily dressed myself in it, and sprang into the cart. Speaking a few encouraging words to the animal, I was soon on my way.

My spirits rose, but I had not gone far before I met a group of citoyens who stopped me and began questioning me.

"Have you seen anything of a man of medium height, rather respectable looking?" asked one who appeared to be the leader of the group.

So my absence had already been discovered!

"No, citoyen, I have seen none."

At that, heavy lashes fell upon my head and shoulders for being so unobservant.

When I regained consciousness after my first treatment of punishment, it was to find myself lying in a ditch by the side of the road. I arose and brushed off the dust which my clothes had collected. Then I found the horse and cart, and felt very grateful to the French citoyens for leaving me my only means of escape. I also thanked my disguise for having kept the French officers at a safe distance. And now, since I had passed them safely, I felt that the remainder of my journey to England would be successful—and it was.

Betty Macfee, 9-4.

THE END OF THE TRAIL

Fred Barco rode at a mad gallop, trailing his younger brother over the mountains of Utah. Jimmie, the younger, had been acting more and more queerly of late. And that afternoon, when they'd been told that old Whitey had been shot at Bleak Crossing, Fred had not liked the look in Jimmie's eyes. The safe had been broken open and the shipment of gold that was to have gone out on the evening mail had been stolen. Fred thought he saw his brother smile grimly when they had been told that news. And Jimmie had been away from the ranch at the time of the robbery!

Before he had left the house that evening, his brother had tried to persuade him to stay at home. He told him that he had looked so tired when he came home earlier, but Jimmie's eyes had flashed.

"I haven't been away from the ranch today," he said, fixing his brother with an intense stare. "Remember that, I haven't been away today!"

Fred was more than worried. Fear and terror rode in the saddle with him, fear for this wild young brother of his. The trail led to a cabin, cleverly hidden in the mountains. Fred dismounted and opened the door.

"Raise 'em!" came a snarling voice, as soon as he stepped across the threshold. He looked around at the men. Each one had his finger on the trigger of his gun. A fortune in gold was strewn over the table where they were seated. Fred stood with his arms folded across his chest.

"You don't need your guns," he said finally. "I just want my brother to come out of here. Will you get up and come home, Jimmie?"

Something made him turn and look out the window to his right. He saw a posse of men stealthily coming toward the front door, headed by the sheriff.

Fred made a dive for Jimmie and grabbed him. He had just time to open a door and thrust him into a back room.

"Sheriff!" he whispered quickly. "Ride!"

The sheriff entered with his posse and told the men to "throw 'em up." A couple of shots emphasized the command. One of the robbers drew his gun, but was dropped by a bullet from the officer's gun. Slim stood in the back of the large room, a trifle in the shadows, his grave eyes on the mass of gold lying in the middle of the table.

"Fred Barco!" The sheriff had seen him. "What are you doin' here?" He looked puzzled. Then his eyes narrowed. "Is your brother here—an' did you come to get him?"

"You see, don't you, sheriff, that I'm here with just these men," he said, wetting his dry lips. "Don't you?"

"Where's Jimmie?" the sheriff asked.

"Well, Sheriff," Fred replied, "I've been here some time now. I couldn't rightly answer that." He couldn't. Jimmie might be still in the house or he might be galloping down the trail.

Reluctantly the sheriff stripped him of his gun and turned to his helpers, busily piling the gold back into the box it had been brought in. "Tie up those men!" he commanded. "Never mind that gold!"

There was a gasp of astonishment as Fred followed him down the room. Some of the sheriff's men narrowed their eyes in a way that was too knowing for Fred's comfort. Silently he prayed that Jim was well on his way.

The sheriff stood before him, a pair of hand cuffs in his hand. "Fred Barco," he said, "I'm not going to tie you up like these other rattle snakes. And I know I ain't no

call to put these hand cuffs on you, but I gotta do it."

"You've no call to do anything but your duty, Sheriff," he said quietly.

The sheriff's eyes were a little misty as he turned away and spoke sharply to his men. "Let's check up on that gold," he said. "What th' ——" The sheriff stared wide-eyed at the table—empty of gold!

The sheriff counted off men quickly. "You four around the back of the house. You four search the house. You, Baird and Carey, come with me!" He and his men dashed for the door, mounted and rode out of the glade.

The blood drained from Fred's face when he heard shouts and shots. That would be coming from just about where the back trail led off the main one. His brother's horse had been at the back trail. He was the only man in the cabin whose feet were free. He strolled out of the door, white-faced and haggard-looking.

He crossed the glade and turned into the trail. A lump came in his throat as he reached the spot where the three men were. His eyes blurred as he looked at Jim, lying on the ground, the heavy box of gold still clutched to his breast; the blood and the gold that had spilled mixed together on the front of his shirt, and on the ground beside him. Without a word, the sheriff unlocked the hand cuffs and Fred knelt beside his brother, unashamed of the tears rolling down his cheeks.

"Whyn't you ride, Jimmie boy?" He looked at the drawn face of the boy on the ground.

"Don't worry, Fred," he said, with a crooked smile. "I'm not worth it. You're a good egg." He raised his eyes to the sheriff, still smiling wryly. "Don't blame those men in there for the killing," he said. "I did that alone." There was a moan, then a startled cry:

"Hold me, Fred! Hold me!" It was ghastly to see the effort he made to remain smiling.

Fred put a long, strong arm under his shoulders. "You're all right, Jimmie boy. You're all right."

Jimmie looked up—he smiled, twitched and lay still.

Thomas Welch, 7-8.

MICROBES

"The meeting will come to order!" announced the Duke of Microbia.

"We didn't come to order, we came for war!" shouted a robust germ.

"Order! Order!" commanded the Duke. "Ham sandwich and a cup of glue!" chirped Hungry Horace Microbsky.

After the two offenders had been thoroughly frightened by the appearance of a piece of soap kept for such an emergency, the meeting proceeded.

"Our secretary was annihilated by Helthateers, so we have no report," said the Duke. "However, I have something of interest for you. Our war with the Helthateers is ended."

"Ended?" echoed the group.

"Yes, most decisively. I surrendered at half past germ."

"Maybe you did, but we don't!" cried the rest, and with that they surged toward the chair.

"Moider him! Moider him!" quoth Fido, an erstwhile pal of the Duke.

"And you, Fido!" sorrowfully moaned the Duke.

He had hitherto been invincibly defending himself with a needle, but perceiving his friend Fido attempting to kill him he allowed himself to be pierced with a carpet tack, after which he gracefully fell down and died.

"He's dead!" said the murderers.

"Who is going to take his place?"

"Who will be Chief Microbe?"

"What can we accomplish without a leader." These and many other questions surged into the minds of the microbes.

Then, attempting to do justice to the occasion, Marcus Microbinus set himself up on a toadstool and began to speak.

"Friends, Microbes, countrymen, lend me your ears. I come to bury the good Duke, not—"

"G'way we've heard that before, and anyhow we're trying to think!" snarled little Squash Micracell.

The would be speech maker was unceremoniously dragged from his regal position and none too gently lowered into the crowd.

Meanwhile the Helthateers, in camp, held council.

Vite A Min, the tribe Helthyguy was speaking. "We must raid them immediately! I hear they are leaderless! Strike while the iron is hot and keep the home fires burning till the cows come home!" Loud cheers followed and the army prepared for action.

From out the silent night like a swarm of locusts stole the Helthateers. When they came near the Microbe camp great numbers of them formed in a straightly curved line.

The Microbes routed by such a host, died to a one and the Helthateers were victorious.

The moral of this story is—"Never go around striking little children."

Clifford Wilmath, 9-1.

SEMAPHORE SIGNALLING

"Where am I?" was the first thing I said when I woke from the coma I had been in for the last three quarters of an hour. Then I remembered what had happened and guessed that I was in the city hospital. I also began to wonder if there was anything wrong with me beside the two broken shoulders that I knew I had.

Bill had dared me to climb to the top of an apple tree for a lone apple that was hanging there! I had almost reached it, too. But the branches were too thin, one had broken, and down I had fallen. By an unhappy coincidence both my shoulders had come in contact with stones and both were shattered. I knew that if I had moved they would have become compound fractures, so I had sent Bill to call up the hospital. After that I had lost consciousness.

A few moments after my question "where am I?" a nurse entered with the report that not counting the two broken shoulders and a couple of scratches and bruises, I was all right.

I stayed for two weeks in the hospital and then was sent home. But as I could use neither arm I was cared for like a baby. I chafed at the inactivity as I wanted to pass Semaphore signalling, the last test to take before I could be a First Class Scout.

After three months of doing nothing my shoulders were as well as they ever would be and the doctor came to give them a last examination. Later he went in to give his report to my mother. Although it is against the principles of scouting to eavesdrop I did listen. I heard the doctor say, "He'll never be able to move his arms about

quickly, but for slow movements they will be as good as new." At this all my hopes of ever becoming a First Class Scout went glimmering.

As I was tired and had nothing to do I decided to attend a silent, moving picture being given in town. While I was sitting there a thought crossed my mind and it proved to be a life saving one.

The next three days I was very busy rigging up an apparatus. On a table I arranged two knots connected to many wires leading to a pair of wooden flags suspended on pivots from the ceiling. There was also a large mirror on one side of the room in which one could see the reflection of the flags. When the knots were turned the flags were pulled around and the reflection in the mirror showed the right type of the standard semaphore.

The next day I took my test and at last got the coveted signature of the semaphore examination on my card testifying that I had passed!

Theodore Levowich, 9-4.

THE BOY NEXT DOOR

"Oh look!" Marion exclaimed to her mother. "There's a new family moving in next door. Do you think there'll be a little girl to play with?"

The Browns were spending the Summer on the shore of a lake in New Hampshire and Marion, aged seven, was on the lookout for a playmate. A few days passed but no little girl made her appearance at the house next door.

One day as Marion was going by the house, a boy slightly older than herself, came down the steps. Marion stopped and spoke to him.

"Do you live here?" she asked.

"'Course. Where do you think I live?" His voice was scornful.

"Haven't you any sisters?" she inquired.

"Yep. One. She's away at college."

"But haven't you any sisters my age?"

"Nope! What would I want of another sister? One's bad enough! Girls aren't any good any way."

Marion thought it would be best to change the subject.

"Come and play hopscotch with me," she invited. "Look—you stand here, and throw the stone into that square space and then jump in and pick it up like this."

"Aw! What do you think I am anyway? I don't want to play with girls. They aren't any good." And he moved on.

Marion was in the habit of going down to the shore of the lake to sit in one of the row-boats. Today, thinking of the boy next door, she sat and mumbled to herself, "Of course he was all wrong. Girls are much nicer to play with than boys." And then because she was sleepy, she curled up on the seat for a nap.

When she awoke, she felt the boat rocking. She looked around. For one moment she was speechless! The boat was far from land! Then she screamed and screamed. Suddenly she saw a boat coming towards her. As it drew nearer she recognized the boy next door as the rower. He came up, helped her into his boat and started back toward shore.

"Oh! How well you can row!" exclaimed Marion.

"Sure," said the object of her admiration. "Look at my muscle."

Another "Oh!" from Marion as she complied with his request. "You know," she added, "I think you saved my life."

"Huh, I know I did! If the current had taken you down the falls—"

Marion shuddered at the very thought.

Then after a few moments of silence, "You know, I like you."

"Do you?" he asked eagerly. "Well," he continued, and the color began to rise in his face, "I like you too. And say," he added, "Will you teach me that game where you throw the stone into the square and jump in and pick it up?"

Doris Rosenhek, 8-6.

U BOAT NUMBER NINE

"Franz, to the periscope!"

The guttural voice sounded above the hum of the motors which were sending the German submarine along at a thirty mile clip under the rough waters of the English Channel.

"Yes, Herr Commander," the boy answered, and quickly slipping in between the rows of machines, he made his way to the periscope. Applying his eyes to the sights, he raised the steel eyes until he had a full view of the surrounding waters. On his left were the chalk cliffs of Dover. Slowly turning the periscope, he looked to the right, and there full in his sights was a tramp steamer flying American colors!

Quickly turning the periscope, he glanced around, but, seeing nothing, lowered it. Turning to the Commander, who had been watching, he said, "An American tramp steamer, Herr Commander."

The Commander hurriedly ordered the submarine to the surface, and then turned to the conning tower. Within a few minutes he was on the deck surveying the tramp that was battered by the heavy seas. Then he turned and ordered the gunners to fire a shot at the vessel. Making a megaphone of his hands, he ordered the tramp's crew to abandon ship.

Hurriedly the crew of the ill-fated tramp lowered the lifeboats and all jumped in. "Is that all of you?" he asked. "Yes," answered the captain of the tramp. So he manoeuvred the submarine alongside the tramp and prepared to sink it. Then a strange thing happened!

He heard a roar and, looking up, saw a transformation in the tramp. Now on her deck in place of the cabin was a battery of heavy guns!

Running to the conning tower, he ordered his men in under a heavy barrage from the former tramp steamer, and jumping in after them, he ordered the ship down.

"Franz, to the periscope!" It was the second command within the hour, and the boy hastened to obey. Raising the sub's eye, he fixed his own eyes to the sights, and then said, "Go up a little—we are down too deep."

"What?" asked the navigator, "we are now within six feet of the surface."

"Well, then," answered Franz slowly, "we are blind."

"Blind!" cried the Commander, and hurried to verify the statement. "It's true—I can't see a thing!"

Now being blind on a submarine is a thing of the utmost danger, especially during war. It means that in some way the mirrors have been broken, and so cannot picture objects above the surface.

"We must risk going to the surface," the Commander said. "Blow the ballast tanks."

Once on the surface, the Commander hurried to the deck, and there stood amazed. After escaping the mystery boat—the tramp—he had run quite a distance under the surface before he had found out he was blind. Now he had come up in the midst of a convoy of destroyers! And now his ship was the target for a dozen guns.

Having all the odds against him, he surrendered and was taken to France to a prison camp. As for Franz, he went to America after the war and there got a job as chief mechanic on a navy submarine. He married, and this is the story his children never tire of.

Alfred Erskine, 8-7.

THE MAGIC POTION

I have a friend who is a chemist. His name is Bill Smyth. He likes to mix different liquids to see how they react.

One day he dashed excitedly into my room at college crying, "Jack, I've discovered a magic potion! If you drink it you will become invisible. Try it out, old pal, and see if it works."

"All right," I answered; "I'll try anything once."

So I took a drink of the magic potion. Suddenly I began to shiver and shake. I could see my pajamas, but none of my body was visible!

Bill jumped up and down with delight. "Hurrah!" he shouted, "it works!"

He then told me to wait there while he went back to the laboratory to get the other potion which would make me visible.

After waiting for some time, I decided to take a walk down the main street to test my invisibility. I was going past a tailor's shop when I noticed a dummy displaying a checked suit outside the shop. I knew this would be warmer than my pajamas, so I took it off the figure and put it on. I had hardly resumed my walk when the tailor came out. He looked first at the dummy and then at the bodyless suit walking down the street. He started after me, shouting, "Mine suit! Mine suit!"

Soon a crowd took up the chase. I ran up one street and down another! Suddenly I could see that my invisibility was gone! I then came to a crossing, where a policeman stopped me. When the crowd caught up with us, they decided to take me to the police station. There the judge ordered me behind the bars. They gave the tailor his suit and gave me some old clothes which they had. They put me in a cell with one window. The breeze coming through the window woke me to the fact that it was all a dream!

Joseph Connolly, 8-4.

A NARROW ESCAPE

Ben Wilkins was considered the most daring and reckless of Uncle Sam's fliers, but he still looked for new adventures.

During manœuvres one day off the coast of Panama, he was day-dreaming and thinking what he would like to be. Suddenly he awoke to find himself all alone in the air and caught in a violent tropical storm. He tried to right the plane to its course, but had all he could do to keep it in the air. He decided to try a landing at the first island he saw. At last he sighted one, and glided swiftly toward it. His plane nosed into the beach and he was thrown violently forward.

When he again opened his eyes, a band of dusky savages were bending over him. At first he thought he was in another land, but he slowly realized that he was in a sad predicament. Here he was on a cannibal island, and his plane was deep in the mud. He remembered his old Scout motto, "Be prepared," but he had just his revolver to protect himself against a band of savages. This was the adventure he had craved, and he resolved to win if possible. It was a case of mentality against brute force.

He flashed a disarming smile at the fellow he took to be the leader. If he could win over the leader he might get away.

He could not understand their savage jabbering, so he tried to make the leader interested in the plane. The chief was a smart fellow, and was curious to learn about the plane. He was like a child with a new toy.

Ben decided to ask him if he wanted a ride, and then send Mr. Chief back to earth in a parachute. He realized that this was his only chance, else there would be a feast, and he would be the food supply.

He started to dig the propeller out of the mud when he struck something hard. At last he freed the plane, and also discovered a big chest in the sand.

Lifting it out and opening it, they discovered that it was a treasure that Captain Morgan or some other pirate had buried over two hundred years ago, wealth plundered from Panama, Porto Bello, Gibraltar, or the galleons that sailed the Spanish main.

Ben was not avaricious, but his eyes glistened at such gorgeous jewels. The chief was overjoyed. He picked up a string of precious stones and put them around Ben's neck.

Ben realized that this was a crucial moment if he was to make a getaway, so he leaped into his plane and took off.

As he flew, he decided that he was glad to be a United States Army flier in the year 1931.
James Shaughnessy, 7-1.

PAINTING THE CAR

Freckles, Skinny and Fat were extremely proud of themselves. They had just acquired the battered remnant of a Ford car. The reason I say "remnant" is because there was no engine in it. There was nothing to it but the framework and four useless tires.

All three boys had an equal share in the rusty contraption. When they decided to paint it, Freckles wanted it blue, like a "swell limousine." Skinny wanted it yellow because that was the latest danger signal; while Fat said that his father had some red and green paint left over from Christmas decorating which he thought would make the "flivver" look "all the rage."

Freckles was indignant at the lack of artistic sense in his friends. "What do you think folks would do to us if they saw us in a bright yellow car?" he asked. "They'd think us a tin can fire alarm on wheels. Gee whiz! And if we had a red and green car they'd think us a delegation from Bedlam!"

As no one would yield, it was decided, with Freckles' ungracious consent, that they should take their paints to his grandfather's barn on Friday night and paint the car on Saturday morning in bands of their respective colors.

Accepting the inevitable, Freckles was by now in a good humor, and asked his friends to stay at his grandfather's house on Friday night. And so on that evening the three boys went fast asleep determined to get up early the next morning and to work hard at their painting.

At four o'clock in the morning two heads cautiously raised themselves from their pillows. Two bodies followed the heads. They dressed and withdrew from the house as silently as squeaky floor boards would allow. Then swiftly they made their way to the barn where the "flivver" reposed.

From the following fragments of conversation one may guess who the conspirators were: "I'm glad you thought of this idea of our painting the car while Fat is asleep. Let's hurry and get it all painted. You paint the hind wheels blue and I'll paint the front ones yellow. By the way, how will we break the news?"

"Sh! Be quiet! Leave all to me."

Just as the sun peeped over the horizon the boys climbed back to bed, hoping that no one would notice their stained hands at breakfast time.

At seven o'clock grandfather went out to milk his cows as he had done for many years. Passing by an unused shed he saw something which made him stand still with his mouth open for five minutes. At last he exclaimed, "Wal, I swan!" and followed it with a gusty sigh. He wiped his forehead and forgetting the cows hurried into the kitchen to tell "Ma" to awaken the boys. The boys soon dressed to see what Grandpa had as a surprise. He led them and "Ma" to the shed and showed them the "flivver." What a sight met their gaze!

Immediately, the two old folks burst into laughter at the comical sight, but the boys were not quite so mirthful. Freckles and Skinny gazed at Fat. Fat gazed at Freckles and Skinny. Finally with much stammering and sheepish grins the story came out. Fat had got up after a few hours sleep and dressed. He had then daubed the car with his red and green paint. Freckles and Skinny told their part in the painting. Grandpa and Grandma looked at each other incredulously, "My land sakes!" ejaculated the old lady. "It's for all the world like Joseph's coat of many colors!"

Amelia Angeline, 7-2.

A MAID OF '77

One morning in the spring of 1777, Priscilla Hamilton was sitting on a moss-covered log in a thicket not far from her home in Maine. Suddenly at the sound of a crackling twig she glanced up. From behind a bush she saw a patch of red. It must be a red-coat! She decided to find out. It was!

She got up cautiously and followed him down a path and saw him go inside a cave. She stopped, well hidden by bushes.

Inside the cave were British soldiers talking. Priscilla could hear them. "Now tonight we will go to that village two miles from here and get all the ammunition which belongs to those rebels."

When Priscilla heard this she was greatly frightened, and started to run toward home intending to tell her father what she had heard. But in her excitement she forgot to be quiet. The red-coats looking out saw her!

In another minute she was imprisoned in a room at the back of the cave. She heard the soldiers bolt the door and depart.

Priscilla tried with all her might to open the door but it was of no use. Finally she sat down, exhausted, and soon afterwards fell asleep.

When she awoke it was morning. A red-coat came and brought some bread and water to her. Then he went away making sure to bolt the door.

After eating the food, Priscilla again tried to open the door, but with no success. She leaned against the wall to think of some way of escape and suddenly felt the wall behind her move! Turning around quickly she saw an opening large enough for her to crawl through. She peered in but could see nothing. Summoning all her courage she crept in on her hands and knees, feeling carefully in front of her. It must be a secret tunnel and a means of escape! Suddenly ahead of her she saw a light, and made her way toward it as fast as possible.

She finally reached this end of the tunnel and discovered there a room similar to the one at the other end of the tunnel. But in it were the same British soldiers who had captured her! They were evidently excited as they spoke in loud voices. Priscilla heard the leader say, "Now that the other plan worked so well I am sure this will too. Although it will be a little more difficult. This is it—tonight at twelve o'clock a large group of our soldiers under my command will set fire to that village on the edge of this forest. Then we shall raid the homes and take all their food. I'm sure that if we succeed in doing this it will make those rebels give up. Now I will show you this map and tell you where to station the other soldiers."

The others crowded around him and eagerly examined the map. So interested were they in doing this that they did not notice Priscilla as she slipped through the room and out into the open. In a minute she was running homeward as quickly as she could.

At home she was warmly welcomed by her parents who had been greatly frightened at the disappearance of their daughter. Priscilla quickly told of her experience. Mr. Hamilton at once reported to the village officials the plan of the British.

That night the British were greatly surprised and badly beaten by the Colonists who were well prepared for the raid that the British had planned.

The next day was one of rejoicing for the villagers, with much praise given to Priscilla Hamilton who had saved the town.

Betty Muirhead, 7-1.

SHERWOOD MANSION

Alice and Florence were at last on their long desired trip. Both girls were out for adventure, especially so since they had heard of the many queer and mysterious things about Sherwood Mansion, an old house that their great grandmother had owned. They had never seen it but their mother's old butler had brought with him many tales about the mansion that made the girls anxious to visit the house.

Upon their arrival at the old estate Alice turned the knob of the entrance gate which opened noisily. The girls entered, a little afraid, for every step they took made noise on the dry leaves. After passing through a thick grove they came to the house, but just as Florence was about to knock the door flew open! In front of them appeared a little old woman who politely invited them into the sitting room, and presently gave them some cakes and tea, explaining that she was Mabel who was to stay with them that evening.

The next week slipped by gaily for the girls, as they had so much to do. There was swimming and boating on the lake and many other things to do.

"I really wish something more exciting would happen," said Alice.

"Well, I think that we are having a lovely time," answered Florence, "although I did expect something more exciting."

"Oh! I forgot to tell you," said Alice, "that I found another gate to this wall."

"I haven't seen it," said Florence with a disappointed look on her face. "You couldn't have—."

"Yes, I have, and there is the most beautiful sun dial," answered Alice. "I saw it from a tree. Let's go and explore."

"All right, but let's tell Mabel first," answered Florence.

"Land o' goodness, child!" exclaimed Mabel when she had heard what the girls were going to do. "No one has been out there since your grandmother died; I don't think you two should be the first."

"My, something may happen yet," chirped Alice.

"Oh, yes," cried Florence as they made their way to the back garden. And then—

"Wonder where this leads to?"

The girls had entered a narrow path and were making their way down it.

"Oh!" they both exclaimed. Right in front of them was the sun dial.

"Look at the beautiful little bird house," said Florence pointing to a white bird house on a pole short enough for the girls to reach.

After that they went to find the gate, and there, unbolting it, they were delighted to see woods on the other side of the wall. Deciding to follow the path which lead to a small pond, the girls came to a small broken-down shack.

"Let's go inside," said Alice. "The door is open."

"There might be some one there," protested Florence.

"All the better," was Alice's answer. "Come on."

So in they went, to find that it was poorly furnished but clean.

"Why, I believe someone does live here," exclaimed Florence. Then she gasped for in the window an old wrinkled face looked fearfully at the girls. Even Alice was so afraid that she too never stopped running until they had reached the little gate leading to the garden. But the gate was locked and barred!

"I don't believe Mabel did it," protested Alice.

"No," answered Florence. "Someone must have been in the garden when we left."

"Well, they have us this time," replied Alice, "unless we can get back to the front gate."

"Yes, but how?" asked Florence.

"Come on, let's find out."

So the girls started their journey. And they finally arrived at the house, tired and scratched by briars. Mabel was much surprised when she heard the story. "I've always said this was a queer house," she declared.

The next day the girls went again to the sun dial. But now the gate was wide open.

"I've been thinking that that little old man has something to do with this," said Alice when later they found large foot prints in the dirt.

"He must come in the night," said Florence, "Let's wait up tonight and see!"

"And find out why he comes here," added Alice.

That night the girls did see the old man.

"Why, he seems to be looking for something," whispered Florence. "Shall we tell Mabel?"

"Goodness, no, she would be scared out of her wits."

A few days later Mabel appeared bright and early, looking very happy.

"Mabel seems to know something," whispered Alice. "Wonder what it is."

"Yes, she does —," but Florence did not have time to finish for they heard the voices of two of their best girl friends.

"Oh! what fun we'll have now!" cried Alice.

Soon the girls were talking gaily, and the newcomers, Mary and Ellen, soon knew all about the mystery.

"Come along. We'll show you the dial," said Alice, and off they went.

"Oh, what a beautiful little bird house," cried Mary, "Why! see what I've found!" she added as she drew from the bottom of the little building a long string of pearls.

"Oh, I believe those are what the little old man is after," cried Florence.

"Hush," cautioned Alice, "I hear someone coming. Hurry and get behind the dial."

"Why it's your friend the old man!"

"Hush, I don't believe he saw us," said Alice. "He's still looking for something. Mary, put the pearls where he will see them when he comes around this way. Then all follow me. When he stoops to pick up the pearls we'll rush out—ready?—go." And taking the stranger by surprise they insisted upon his returning to the house with them.

"Why, Boran!" exclaimed Mabel.

"Mabel," answered the man, "I didn't know you were still here."

"Well, you're a fine one trying to haunt this house."

"I didn't mean to scare anyone," answered Boran. "But I've been out of work and had nothing to live on. I remembered

that Mrs. Elizabeth had lost some pearls before she died and so I came to look for them, but these girls found them first."

"And won't the boys be surprised when they hear the story!" said Alice.

"Yes," answered Florence. "They thought that we would be too scared to go exploring." May Murdock, 8-5.

WITCHERY DAYS

At last the days of April witchery have come! Trees and flowers and all nature's beautiful gifts to the world are budding and showing their glorious splendor. Flowers are poking their tiny hands up. Everywhere you hear, smell, and see signs and secrets of the witchcraft of spring. The woods in April are a gorgeous place! No one can describe their splendor. The beautiful colors of red, blue and gold flying between the high tree tops must have been painted by fairy fingers.

Barbara Morgan, 8-5.

LETTERS WRITTEN TO BYRD

Dear Admiral Byrd:

How often you have defied death! But "death is no new ripple in the current of Byrd blood," for your family has been a courageous, daring and invincible one since the time of fiery William Byrd.

I felt sorry that you were not allowed to take part in the World War. However, you fought great wars with gallant companions when you blazed trails through the air to the North and South Poles;

The penguins interested me so much that I have written the following poem:

WHAT THE PENGUINS SAW

Three ships came sailing majestically
Into the South Sea Harbor;
The Penguins watched as the ships drew near,
America's great explorer.
Queer birds of metal flew o'er head!
They watched them wonderingly,
And viewed the dogs that pulled the sleds
Through new lands, curiously!

Sincerely yours,

Avis Walker.

Dear Admiral Byrd:

"Courageousness," that word tells us the foremost quality which is so evident in our explorers of today and yesterday. I cannot imagine any progress our world would have made if our heroes of the land, air and sea

had been without it. Sometimes I think it is more than a "quality." I think it is an inborn "spirit" given from above at the cradle of our great adventures to "do," to "dare," to "find" and to "lead" the world "onward" by its slow steps to reach the heights of civilization.

"'Tis the beauty of a courage
That has reached the hearts of all,
That inspires you ever onward,—
"The immortal trumpet call."

Respectfully yours,

Betty Macfee.

Dear Admiral Byrd:

I did not know there was such a thing as a real adventurer in these "modern times." As soon as it was possible for me to do so I saw the picture of your trip to the South Pole. I often wonder how you thought of putting the boxes of food in the form of an archway from one house to the other. It was such a thrilling and exciting picture! I think the dogs were very patient and courageous on such a hard journey!

I wish I could see you because you are like Lincoln in some ways.

"Many men can do great feats, but only a great man is big enough to survive the plaudits of the world, and still be the same natural person he was before Fame smiled on him."

Yours sincerely,

Hannah Wishart.

Dear Admiral Byrd:

A soaring plane circles 'round!
Something falls without a sound!
It marks the goal of a great campaign!
Byrd has reached the "Pole" again!

I have followed your adventures at the South Pole in the papers and by means of Floyd Gibbon's dispatches.

I have also seen your moving picture which I think was a most glorious epic of courage—a true picture, not one manufactured in the back yard of some film company! I have been inspired by it to the extent that I now wish to follow an aeronautical engineering course. Then, in the future, I hope to be able to add my bit to further the progress of aviation and possibly to do some good for humanity.

Sincerely yours,

Edward Dillon.

Dear Admiral Byrd:

The old saying, "If at first you don't succeed—try, try again," must have been the motto you used because, I think, you showed that you were not the kind of person to start a thing and let it go unfinished.

When you accomplished your, "First Successful Failure," your first attempt to reach the North Pole, you didn't just feel happy that you and your companions were back alive and well, but you felt, "I'll go home and make further preparations and go back again!" I think that if that had happened to a man who couldn't take a failure as well as a success he would have given up hope.

I think, Admiral Byrd, that you have shown the boys and girls of America what the simple saying of "If at first you don't succeed—try, try again," means.

Sincerely yours,

Nowfe Hassan.

Dear Admiral Byrd:

I have tried to express in verse my thoughts about you and your immortal deed.

The day had dawned, the sky was gray
As Admiral Byrd flew on his way,
Across the south pole, white and still,
While comrades worked with all their skill.

He plotted their course, straight and true,
Which none before seem able to do;
With Bennett's spirit their guiding star,
Nothing happened the flight to mar.

Each one came back safe and sound,
Not only the pole had now been found,
But the greatest navigator had laid his claim,
To fortune great, and righteous fame.

Sincerely yours,

John Goldie.

THE TEMPEST

The sails were furled, the wind blew strong,
The dusk was coming on,
The pelting rain, like a dancing throng,
Tapped on in unison
As if to time the maddened storm
And check the slashing whip,
Lest, in one furious rush, the form
Should sink the weakened ship.

The ship now tossed in tempest rage,
And swerved from forward route,
Then lowered its anchor and tried to stage
The wind, a strong unhidden brute;
Ere the moon came out, the sky had cleared,
The dashing waves subsided,
The rainsoaked sails at once appeared
And onward the galleon glided.

Avis Walker, 9-5.

MY DREAM SHIP

A Whaler she was,
Rakish and low,
With four tall masts,
And sails like snow.
My Dreamship!

She sailed the high seas,
While I rested in sleep,
She braved all the storms,
In my fancied deep.
My Dreamship!

The captain,— he was
A hero and true;
Two mates, and the rest
My superman crew.
My Dreamship!

Into the East,
Into the West,
My ship she sailed
Before all the rest.
My Dreamship!

Most of the night,
Most of the day,
Always wondering,—
My ship, where she lay.
My Dreamship!

Here I will end,
Looking to and fore
Thinking of heights
To which she will soar.
My Dreamship!
Edwin Josselyn, 9-6

AIR CASTLES

I built my castles in the air
And painted them with colors rare;
They grew and grew—and then diminished,
Leaving me with dreams unfinished.
Anna Wright, 9-5.

APRIL DAYS

The month of April comes and brings
Insects, birds, and flow'ring things,
And they in gleeful chorus say,
"How happy we are! 'Tis April day!"
Birds sing, frogs croak, and bumble bees hum,
All to the beat of the woodpecker's drum.
All nature's creatures gladly say,
"Winter is fading fast away!"

Doris Rosenhek, 8-6.

OUR LIBRARY

The library with shelves of books
That seem to talk to you,
They shout right out from shining nooks —
"I'm standing here for you."
Erect they stand, like soldiers grand,
And wait throughout the day
For someone's friendly welcome hand
To take them on their way.

Josephine Ricca, 8-4.

BLISS!

Old Winter's gone, though ling'ring on his way,
And though his sports to us are very dear,
We know that Summer also will be gay,
And, as for homework — there'll be none to fear!

Rose Hack, 9-1.

DAY DREAMS

A golden mist surrounds my thoughts
As I sit and idly dream;
I try to keep them tied in knots,
So that more real they'll seem.
But soon the golden haze will fade,
The castle become my room;
And wooden soldiers once knights made
Stare unseeing into the gloom.

Anna Wright, 9-5.

SUCCESS

It doesn't just happen that someone is plucky —
Though others may speak of a winner as "lucky,"
The fact just remains —
Success demands brains.

It doesn't just happen that someone is clever —
All skill is acquired, man is born with it never
Who rises at last
Worked hard in the past.

It doesn't just happen that someone has knowledge,
Some earn it themselves and some miss it in
college —

The fact still remains
Men LABOR for gains.

Angela Zarrelli, 8-6.

WINTER

Fall has long since faded and ice is on the ground,
Biting winds are swirling snowflakes all around,
Heavy laden branches seem to groan aloud,
Every house and building reposes 'neath its
shroud.

Merry playing youngsters shout and leap about,
Of course 'tis only the bravest who dare to venture
out;

When the sports begin to lag home they'll swiftly
run,

Crying gayly as they go, "Isn't Winter fun?"

Irving Latham, 9-1.

DAWN

The eastern sky is brighter than
The other drab grey-blue,
And gradually it brightens as
The golden sun breaks through.
The sky o'erhead is pink and blue,
As the sun begins to rise,
It is day — and night has passed away
Like smoke rising into clear skies.
The brooklet sparkles gleaming bright, —
The birds again are gay.
They flitter and twitter among the trees,
As the sun chases shadows away.

Thomas Evans, 9-1.

OUR LIBRARY

Such a welcome place to go
Where burning logs in fireplace glow!
Books for leisure hours to pass,
For boys and girls of every class.
Fishes swim like arrows gold,
Darting through the water cold.
The yellow castle's their protection,
From those who come in every direction.

Eileen McLarnon, 8-5.

SPRING

Spring is here, —
How do I know?
A bird from the south
Has just told me so,
By coming and singing
In trees near by,
It sang so sweet that
It made me cry.
Spring is here, —
How do I know?
The flowers apeeking
Have told me so;
Daisies and buttercups
Warmed by the sun
Opened their eyes
From a deep dream of fun.

Helen Sandlovitz, 9-1.

THE CAMPER

The wind blows through the tall, dark pines,
And the campfire's gleam is bright,
All's still — the camper sits by the fire
Alone in the dark still night.
The brooklet too seems very still,
And the sounds of the birds are sped,
The campfire flickers, goes out, and then —
The camper prepares for bed.

Thomas Evans, 9-1.

APRIL

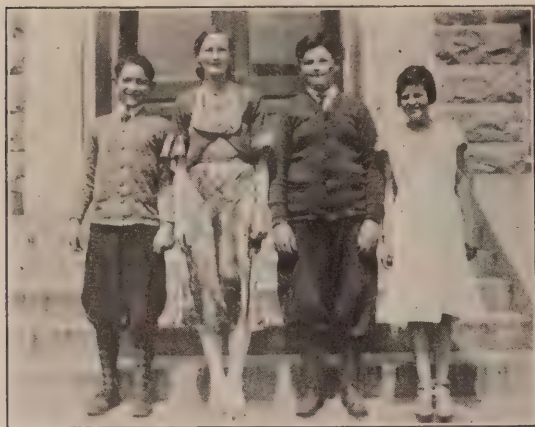
The woods are perfumed with fresh bowers
The rain is left on trees and flowers,
The sun shines brightly over all,
" 'Tis April! 'Tis April!" the robins call.
The brook is babbling down the hill,
The frogs peep, peep, their twilight trill,
The turtle sits upon his throne
And views fair April all alone.

Margaret Weir, 8-6.

MOTHER'S DAY

Soon it will be Mother's Day,
It comes but once a year,
Why not try your hardest
To make it full of cheer?
With flowers and gifts and candy,
The day is made a treat,
But is Mother then forgotten,
Till another year's complete?
Instead of forgetting Mother —
Except one day in the year,
Why not be kind to Mother,
And fill each day with cheer?

Elizabeth Sweeney, 9-1.



SCHOOL PRESIDENT and COUNCILLORS

APRIL'S WITCHERY

April's sun and April's showers
 Bring birds, trees and flowers;
 All in bloom and peeping out
 Welcome Spring with song and shout.
 Children go to the woods and see
 Babbling brooks and budding tree;
 Hear the thrill of the Whip-poor-Will,
 See the May flowers on the hill.
 After April's showers are o'er
 Summer's knocking at our door;
 Hurry! Scurry! Welcome her
 With her magic Springtime stir.

Lillian MacDonald, 8-5.

A STORM AT SEA

The lightning flashes from the sky,
 The distant thunders roar.
 Waves are rolling mountain high,
 And clouds are gathering o'er.
 The wind blows keenly from the north,
 And howls around the mast;
 Ships keep rolling back and forth,
 The rain is driving fast.

May Smith, 9-1.

SPRING

Dandelions are growing now,
 Soon to be dispersed by plough;
 Butterflies are fluttering 'round,
 And buttercups will soon be found.
 But with the flowers come the weeds,
 How fast they sow their troublesome seeds!
 For our poor backs it is a pity,
 And it's too bad they're not more pretty.

Emma Pearlin, 9-1.

THE STORM

The thunder roars! The winds all shriek!
 A storm rolls up on a distant beach!
 The palm trees creak with weight of rain,
 The waves all rise and fall again!
 The waves roll fiercely o'er the shore,
 Resounding with their mighty roar.
 'Twas far from human being's reach---
 This storm upon a distant beach.

Henry DeMeo.

MY POEM

I think that I shall never see
 A poem that has been penned by me;
 True poetry has noble thought
 Of which in my verse there is naught!
 A rhyme scheme, too, I'm sure it needs,
 A form which poet often heeds;
 I fear that I shall always find---
 That writing poems is not my line!

Richard Savage, 9-1.

A STORM AT SEA

The topsail shivers,
 The bowlines strain,
 The braces quiver
 On surging main.
 The waves leap high
 Like monsters fierce;
 Storm petrels fly---
 Their sharp cries pierce.
 "O full an' bye!"
 The captain shouts.
 "O stand ye by!"
 Bring her about!"
 The morn did break
 So clear and blue,
 But worn and weak
 Was the jolly crew.

Harry Bell, 9-6.

OUR FIREPLACE

"Oh fireplace, oh fireplace,
 Why do you brightly gleam?"
 "Because I am so happy,---
 I'm sending you my dreams!"
 "Oh fireplace, oh fireplace,
 From you I'll never go!"
 "Oh stay! I'll send you dreamy flames,
 With ruddy, sparkling glow!"

Fatima Greeb, 8-4.



LIBRARY STAFF



SCHOOL POLITICS ASSEMBLIES

On Friday, February 13th, the entire school convened to give ear to the pleas of candidates for major offices. Of these there were quite a few, and they gave some excellent speeches.

For the office of school president there were two candidates, Margaret Crichton of 9-3 and Clifford Wilmath of 9-1. Sylvester Carrosi, James McGroarty and David Johnston graced the list of councilor-at-large candidates for the first floor, while Ruth Silver, Mary Chiacchia, and Margaret Frazier aspired to that honor for the second floor. Their speeches were very good, sound reasoning and appropriate humor being combined to the best advantage.

The speeches of both candidates and backers showed careful thought and consideration and were very worthwhile. Some extracts from them are:

"I really don't know how to express the honor I feel in running for this responsible position as Councilor-at-large for the first floor."

—Sylvester Carrosi, 8-1.

"I say a school of the pupils, by the pupils, and for the pupils."—Margaret Frazier, 9-3.

"I am running for the position of Councilor-at-large again because it is an honor and a privilege to work for this school."—Ramon Nagle, 8-1.

The general trend in the speeches this year seemed to be not so much the making of promises but rather the presentation of the subtle idea that actions would take place upon the election of certain individuals.

On Monday morning we exercised our voting privilege and with the use of it came feelings of exultation and depression, hope and despair, but also, we are confident, the election of some splendid officers. They are:

President—Margaret Crichton.

Councilor-at-large, 1st floor—

Sylvester Carrosi

Councilor-at-large, 2nd floor—

Ruth Silver

The fact that the first and last officers named won by counts of twelve and one respectively shows how close was the race and how evenly balanced were the candidates. Any choice would have been a good one.

Then on the following Friday Mr. Prario presented our new president with the gavel of authority and expressed the hope that she would use it advantageously. The sportsmanship of Clifford Wilmath, the other candidate for the Presidency was of such a quality that Mr. Prario thought it worthy of comment, saying that it is harder to be a

good loser than a good winner.

On the whole the final returns from the voting merited praise for careful thinking, and we feel that the reins of our school government are in safe hands.

Irving Latham, 9-1.

ASSEMBLY ON WILD LIFE

In March we were most fortunate in being entertained by Mr. Talbot of the Brookline Bird Club who spoke to us on wild life. He emphasized the fact that as long as animals behave they should be protected rather than harmed. Some animals, he said, have come quite near to being exterminated and might have reached that end had it not been for our government.

Let us not wait for our birds and wild animals to near extermination before we act but let us protect them while they still thrive. Scientists say that birds and beasts are exceedingly useful for without them human life would be impossible, due to the fact that in a very short time the world would be overrun with insects. Nature has a scheme in which every animal has an important part. As long as the animal is left alone the scheme works, but wherever man interferes calamity follows. Let us protect wild life.

Thomas Evans, 9-1.

ASSEMBLY PLAY

The assembly of Friday, March 20, was in charge of 8-7, under the direction of Miss Blakney. A play entitled, "Mothers on Strike," was presented with a cast of ten pupils, and was enjoyed greatly by both teachers and pupils.

The plot of the story concerned mothers of the community going on strike so their husbands and children would become more considerate and helpful in the home. The plan succeeded and peace and quiet once more prevailed. This little play teaches us all a lesson. Do we help our mothers or do they do all the work in the home? Ask yourself this question and answer honestly.

Kathryn Burke, 9-3.

FACULTY TEA

One of the purposes for which we are gathered together today is the formal dedication of our library fireplace. Since the construction of our school the fireplace has

remained cold and unused in this pleasant sunny library, one of the social centers of our school. The recent 9A class upon leaving gave us the means of making use of this splendid fireplace by leaving a parting gift of the necessary implements.

It is fitting and proper that we should hold a dedication on this day of March seventeenth.

March seventeenth was famous on the early English calendars for being the day upon which Noah entered the ark. On the calendar of the Quincy Point Junior High School we hope to make this date equally as important and memorable as the day upon which this Biblical event took place.

Then, too, this is Saint Patrick's Day, uniquely appropriate to the lighting of a first fire, for a popular legend relates that the Saint and his followers found themselves, one cold morning, on a mountain, without a fire with which to cook their breakfast or warm their frozen limbs. Unheeding their complaints, Saint Patrick desired them to collect a pile of ice and snowballs; this having been done, he breathed upon it, and it instantly became a pleasant fire—a fire that long after was a poet's inspiration for

"Saint Patrick, as in legends told,
The morning being very cold,
In order to assuage the weather,
Collected bits of ice together;
Then gently breathed upon the pyre,
When every fragment blazed on fire.
Oh, if the saint had been so kind,
As to have left the gift behind
To such a lovelorn wretch as me.
Who daily struggles to be free;
I'd be content—content with part,
I'd only ask to have the heart
The frozen heart of Polly Roe."

I cannot perform Saint Patrick's miracles but with these matches—the more modern devices of science—I now light the first fire in the Quincy Point Junior High School fireplace.

Margaret Crichton, 9-3.

OUR CIRCUS

"Peanuts! Lemonade! Ice Cream! Balloons! Hot Dogs! Step right up and see the one and only wild man!! Have your fortune told!" Such were the cries that filled our gymnasium on the night of March 17, when a stupendous circus was given by the ninth grade under the capable guidance of Miss Blanchfield, Miss Bevan, Mr. Mullarkey, and Mr. Bowyer. More than one thousand persons were present.

A few of the many attractions were the wild man, the armless woman, animals, clowns, ballet dancers and side shows, with the shrill cries of the vendors and barkers giving the performance a real circus atmosphere.

Much credit is due the general chairman, Thomas Evans, and his worthy assistants of the committees, for the splendid success.

Christine Mallett, 9-4.

DEBATE ON SLAVERY

A lively debate took place in Room 9 during the history class of 7-1 on March 19. The question was: Resolved: "That slavery was a benefit to the United States." On the affirmative side were Captain, James Shaugnessy; Margaret Paterson, Rita Arsenault, Walter Vincent and Thomas Stevens. The negative side consisted of Captain, Theodora French; Margaret Morin, Mary Latham, Samuel Manley and Paul Chaplin.

The affirmative side made 18 points while the negative side made 15 points. However, the judges, who were Miss Coughlin, Eva Randa, and Frank Mollica, after deciding upon the number of points made by each side gave the negative side the honors for eloquence. This brought a close score of 18-17, but still in favor of the affirmative side.

Some of the leading points made by the affirmative side were:

- a. Slaves were taught Christianity.
- b. They were cared for in their old age.
- c. Stories told by the North concerning cruelty to slaves were exaggerated.
- d. Slaves worked better than white men in a hot climate.

Some of the main points for the negative side were:

- a. It was cruel to take slaves from their native land.
- b. Slaves were made to work when ill.
- c. Slaves owners became lazy and lost their initiative.
- d. Slavery made the countries of Europe look upon the United States with disgust.

Theodora French, 7-1.

LIBRARY AT HOME

On Wednesday afternoon of April first, from 1.45 to 2.50 o'clock we had a library At-Home. Through the kindness of Miss Walton and her library staff all pupils were

allowed at different intervals to visit the library for five minutes where they were served punch and cookies while admiring the fire that blazed in the fireplace.

During the hour our orchestra played several marches, among them "Our Director" and "On To Plattsburg." Other amusements were as follows: vocal selection by Elizabeth Christensen; banjo selections by Sylvester Carosi; cornet duet by Victor De Gravio and Kenneth Booth; cornet solo by Kenneth Booth; violin quartet by Louise Andrews, Emma Pearlin, Thelma Frenning and Frances Barry. To complete the program several members of the Glee Club gathered 'round the piano and sang some of our operetta songs.

The whole school thoroughly enjoyed this At-Home and deeply appreciate the time and effort Miss Walton and the Library Staff spent on making it a success. We hope to have more such enjoyable occasions.

Christine Mallett, 9-4.

OUR OPERETTA

On Friday evening, April 10, a large assembly of parents, friends, and pupils witnessed the charming operetta "Tulip Time" presented by our Glee Club under the excellent coaching of Miss Simonds.

The leading parts were taken by:

John Caporale, Pearl Feldman, Dolly Edmonds, Joe Joseph, Louise Andrews, Thomas Evans, Joseph Hogan and James Swan, supported by a large cast representing Dutch Villagers and American Students.

Much praise is due the pupils above mentioned for their hard work connected with the successful presentation of the operetta. It is impossible to speak too highly of the teachers who also contributed much of their time and labor. The scenery was built by Mr. Terry under Miss Rutledge's supervision, the costumes were made by Miss Foy, the tickets were taken care of by Miss Pierce, candy girls were supplied by Miss Birge, the ushers were contributed by Miss Russell and the matter of make-up was attended to by Miss Halonen.

The plot of the operetta as given by the program follows:

The village, enjoying a holiday, is startled by the arrival of a party of American tourists, college students under the leadership of Professor McSpindle, a tutor in botany, to study tulip culture. Two of the party, Ned and Dick, are much more interested in Christina and her friend Katiuka. News reaches the village that a thief has been stealing choice bulbs of prize tulips, and a handbill describes the thief and offers a reward for his capture. Ned and Dick induce McSpindle to wear certain clothing, answering the description of the tulip thief. When the Burgomaster beholds McSpindle so attired he causes his arrest. With McSpindle out of the way, Ned and Dick promote their friendship with the girls, and learn that Christina's stock is, unknown to her, of immense value. They reveal the truth to her and thwart the Burgomaster's attempt to grow rich at her expense. With the assistance of Christina's Aunt Anna, the innocence of McSpindle is established, and the latter declares his affection for her; and with the prospect of a triple wedding the final curtain falls.

The excellent acting of the cast made the performance most enjoyable and the operetta well deserves all the praise bestowed upon it.

Irving Latham, 9-1.

MR. BURGIN

At an assembly held April 17, we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Thomas Burgin, former member of the Quincy Council. He spoke to us on our great opportunities in school and compared the schools and methods of education in his day with those of the present time. Several things he mentioned as being greatly improved upon since his school days are: the modern gymnasium with its excellent equipment for promoting our health, the various supplies and materials, the splendid classrooms, the assembly hall, and the cafeteria where nourishing luncheons are served.

He spoke also of the fine quality of leadership produced in our modern schools through pupils participating in so many activities.

He stressed the fact that we should take all possible advantage of these opportunities to get a better education in order to get ahead in our life-work.

We know that the entire school enjoyed Mr. Burgin's talk very much and we feel sure that each pupil profited by the message that he gave us.

Christine Mallet, 9-4.

MR. THAYER

On Friday, May 1, we attended a very interesting assembly devoted to health. Mr. Thayer, of the Thayer McNeil Shoe Company

of Boston, was the guest speaker and gave a most interesting talk on health, with special reference to shoes and the care of the feet. He illustrated his talk with two excellent moving pictures. Posture was an outstanding factor mentioned in relation to the proper general health of the body.

At the beginning Mr. Thayer recited a high school pupil's poem which he thought appropriate as an introduction. Here it is:

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—

Stand up straight and go to heaven!

Pull back your shoulders and pull in your chin,

You look much better with your tummie in;

Point your feet forward, is the way to go,

Stand firmly, on both feet too;

Imagine your embarrassment if you walk like a duck,

If a gym teacher spies you, you're just out of luck!

With a 'debutant slouch' you're in for 'T. B.,'

Take the hump from your spine and grow tall like a tree.

Cleopatra won Caesar by her posture, we're told,

If you slouch over now you'll do worse when you're old!

So stand up straight and you may win the prize,

But you'll surely look better in everyone's eyes;

So pull back your shoulders and pull in your chin,

For you look much better with your tummie in."

We all thank Mr. Thayer for coming to our school and giving us such a splendid and worthwhile lecture.

Kathryn Burke, 9-3.

STUDENT COUNCIL DRIVE

The Student Council conducted a character building drive the week of May 4th, which was undoubtedly a huge success.

It was carried out in a most unique manner. Each morning Student Council representatives would lead a discussion in the home rooms on the characteristics or characteristic dedicated to the day.

As guides we used our school initials. Q. P. J. H. S.—Q for quietness; P for participation, patience, perfection and politeness; J for judgment; H for honesty; and S for scholarship, self-control and sportsmanship. Stories, poems, and mottoes were used effectively by the students to illustrate points being made in the drive.

On Friday as the grand finale to the drive Kathryn Burke addressed the assembly on Self-control, Clifford Wilmath spoke on Sportsmanship, and our principal, Mr. Prario, concluded the drive with a splendid talk on Scholarship.

Each day new posters appeared on the bulletin boards, stressing the worthwhile traits that we were considering that day. At the close of the drive the four bulletin boards in the corridors made an interesting though silent plea for the common attributes of life that help make one hundred per cent citizens. Besides emphasizing the worthwhile qualities which we are trying to perfect each day the drive created a more united spirit throughout the school, as both students and faculty joined in trying to make the drive effective and lasting in its results.

Clifford Wilmath, 9-1.

TRIP TO THE STATE HOUSE

The Student Council took their annual trip to the State House on Wednesday, May 13th. An added innovation this year was the pleasure we had in having as our guests Miss Bearman and the Adjustment Class, making altogether an enthusiastic group of fifty-five.

We left the school in two buses at 12.15 and after a pleasant ride arrived at the State House at one o'clock. We proceeded to the Hall of Flags on the second floor where our host and sponsor, Senator Mackay, was awaiting us with Mr. Forster a State House guide and Civil War veteran. Senator Mackay extended us a hearty welcome, shaking hands with each of us, and then gave us over to the guidance of Mr. Forster, although we had the honor of his company until the opening of the Senate at two o'clock.

The first point of interest was the beautiful Hall of Flags. Here are displayed the flags carried by Massachusetts regiments in all the wars of our country, from the Revolutionary War to the World War. Next we visited the House of Representatives and saw the Sacred Cod, which hangs facing the Speaker's desk, emblematic of one of Massachusetts' primary industries. We learned of the seating arrangements for representatives, noted the press gallery, and many points too numerous to mention. We were proud to notice Representative Sandberg's desk in a place of honor in the center of the first row. Before leaving we each sat in the Speaker's chair, some of us hoping at a future time to really occupy it.

We then proceeded to the Senate Chamber, a much smaller hall than the House of Representatives for there are six representatives to every Senator. Here we noticed especially

the full length painting of Calvin Coolidge who was at one time a member of this body.

Next we visited the archives where are kept all the important documents of our state. We saw, under a glass cover, the original charter given by the King of England to the Massachusetts Bay Colony. We each received a photographic copy of this charter which some of us intend to have framed.

On our way to the governor's suite we were introduced to Lieutenant Governor Youngman by Senator Mackay. We visited the governor's council chamber, and imitated the governor for a moment, sitting in his chair and using the gavel with which he calls the council to order. Governor Ely's secretary, Mr. Murphy, welcomed us in the Governor's absence.

Our host next took us to the Senate's rest room where we saw a beautiful fire-place of white mahogany. We met many of Senator Mackay's colleagues, including Senator Judd, the oldest member of the Senate, Senator Ward of Boston, and Senator Shanahan of Lynn.

The House and Senate being in session by now we spent some time in each and learned a little of how the laws of our state are made. We received a calendar of the business being done in each house and we shall study these at some of our future Student Council meetings. Before leaving we were given a reception by all the representatives sent to the State House from Quincy. Representatives Sandberg, Thomas, Burgess, and Grossman. We owe this reception to the kindness of Mr. Henry Fernald of Quincy who is one of the chief attendants at the State House.

From the courtesy and attention shown us by everyone we met, we came home feeling that our State government surely is in safe hands. We also received many new ideas to incorporate into the Student Council of Quincy Point Junior High School.

LEADERS CLUB TRIP

The Leaders and the Baseball Squad went on an outing Friday, May 15th, leaving around two o'clock and proceeding by bus to Braves Field for one of the big games. But here we met with disappointment at the hands of the weather man, for the game was called off because of wet grounds. Mr. Prario, Mr. Mullarkey, and Mr. Bowyer.

however, held a conference, the result of which was that we visited Harvard Museum as a substitute. We also visited Peabody Museum where the glass flowers and geological exhibits were greatly admired. Then from these places we journey to Franklin Park but because of the late hour we were unable to see very many of the animals.

Clifford Wilmath, 9-1.

DID YOU KNOW —

That a shining new Ford car is now doing duty for Mr. Prario between Marshfield and Quincy in place of his former Dodge?

That Mr. Bowyer's chief theme of conversation these days is William Braddick Bowyer? Who is this personage? You've guessed it—his newly arrived son.

That according to the many diamond rings in evidence some new faces will be seen in next term's faculty?

That several of our teachers spent their February vacations in an interesting manner?

(1). Miss Rutledge visited in Canada where she spent a very enjoyable week. (2). Miss Bevan and Miss Berry visited the latter's parents in St. Petersburg, Florida. Questioning Miss Bevan, since it was her first trip to the South, we learned that she had greatly enjoyed seeing the beautiful Bok Singing Tower, visiting an alligator farm, attending greyhound races, playing shuffle board, and learning the different trees and flowers. (3). Miss O'Connell, with time extended because of ill-health, went to Panama with her father, the trip taking eight days, during which time two sharks and many flying fish were seen. While stopping at Panama she visited the canal and inspected the huge locks. Another point of interest to her was the construction of a torpedo at a submarine base at Coco Sola. France Field where Lindy landed was included in the tour also. Miss O'Connell found much of interest in Panama City. Many old ruins and a golden altar over three hundred years old proved very worthwhile. Another interesting feature was the Commissary for the benefit of Americans which consists of two divisions, one for the Americans and one for the Panamarians, of gold and silver respectively and proves true throughout the country. (4). Miss Kirby spent a very entertaining vacation at Bermuda and saw much of interest. No automobiles are

allowed on the island, but horse drawn carts and bicycles are much in evidence. The climate is very agreeable, the coldest weather experienced being about equal to our March or April weather. The sand at the beaches is very pink; in fact there are beaches named "Pink Beach" and "Coral Beach." Bermuda is owned by Great Britain which seems strange enough as it is but forty-eight hours from New York City.

Irving Latham, 9-1.

7-1 ACTIVITIES

Class 7-1 of Room 8 has had a great deal of pleasure this term, and has done many interesting things. For instance, in Literature under the guidance of Miss Birge we gave the play "Mid-summer Night's Dream" which proved a success and acted out in parts "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

We have had great fun at sports, the girls enjoying slug-ball, basketball, baseball, and tennis; the boys, soccer, basketball and baseball.

After this memorable term we are looking forward to another enjoyable year at Quincy Point Junior High.

7-2 ACTIVITIES

The class of 7-2 has had many interesting experiences during its first year in Quincy Point Junior High. Throughout the fall the members of 7-2 saved their pennies to put toward the school Christmas fund. The week before Christmas we gave notebooks containing jokes, poems, stories and pictures to the children in the Quincy Hospital. Our assembly program, a play about George Washington, was postponed for two weeks, but we did our best to interest the audience in our impersonations. We have a Nature Club and make collections of things that belong to Nature, such as tadpoles, deserted birds' eggs, nests or sea shells.

The class of 7-2 hopes to have another happy year, but as members of the eighth grade.

Carmen Chiminello.

THE BULLETIN BOARDS

This half year has seen many interesting, instructive and beautiful posters on the bulletin boards, due to the co-operation of the Student Council and the Art Department. A joint committee from both departments has



TRAFFIC SQUAD

worked hard this term, and we have all enjoyed the results. The committee consists of the Bulletin Board Chief, James Wilkens and his associates Geraldine Bowes, Mary Fostello, and Charles Duggan.

Beginning the new term we had the campaign posters of those running for office in our school government. The originality of these was very creditable. Then came worthwhile bulletin boards commemorating Edison, Washington and Lincoln.

The character building drive by the Student Council brought forth splendid posters and large sized cartoons illustrating the qualities of good citizenship that we are developing. Soon after this was an inspiring bulletin board for Mother's Day, May 10. The different drives and contests held this term, such as the Athletic Drive and the Pointer Contest were all advertised and helped by the bulletin board. When there was no special school activity taking place, posters featuring our school games, school spirit, good health, classroom papers, maps and diagrams were on display.

Miss Rutledge of the Art Department feels that this term has shown a great advancement both in the quality of our bulletin boards and the interest shown by the Bulletin Board Committee and the whole student body.

James Wilkins, 8-2.

HEAR YE! HEAR YE!

During the advance sale of tickets for "The Pointer" a contest was held among the different divisions of each grade.

Who won?

Class 9-5 was the first and only room to reach 100%—and was followed by 9-4 with 93.9% and 9-3 with 82.8%.

In the eighth grade group 8-1 led with 55.5% with _____ place going to 8-5 with _____

_____ 7-6 won with 65%.
63.5%.

Congratulations to 9-5 for going one hundred per cent!



NINTH GRADE CLASS and FACULTY



BOYS' BASKETBALL

The Quincy Point Junior High School basketball team had the following lineup:

F. Giglio—Forward
 R. Sullivan—Forward
 A. Downton—Forward
 E. Bowman—Center
 E. Papile—Center
 S. Asnes—Guard
 F. Luige—Guard
 D. Pettinelli—Guard
 V. DiGravio—Forward
 W. Zanowski—Guard
 J. Collins—Forward
 J. McCollom—Forward

The team started off the season with a defeat received at the hands of North Junior. Our boys fought hard but North received the verdict by the score of 16 to 10.

In the second game there was an improvement on the part of our boys against South Junior, but they succumbed to them with a score of 19 to 18.

In the next game Point became still better and made Central bow to them in defeat, the score being 13 to 7.

In the second game between Point and North the latter received the verdict of 18 to 4.

The fifth game of the season proved a loss for Point for South carried the day with the score of 13 to 6.

The second encounter between Point and Central was a hard fought game. The latter reversed the verdict of the previous meeting and came out on the top by the score of 26 to 12.

For the third time Point went to play North Junior and for the third time North did the trick, at this game with a score of 29 to 9.

Finally Point came out on top by defeating South Junior 20 to 16, after having suffered twice at their hands.

The last game of the season was with Central. Our team had had good practice, but so, too, had Central. Point bowed to them for the second time in succession, the score being 13 to 9.

The team this season surely lost a number of games by points, but did not lose its desirable sportmanlike attitude. So, after all, it was a good team.

William Quinn, 9-1.

THE WORK OF THE BOY LEADERS

The boy leaders meet in the gymnasium on Wednesdays during club period and are under the supervision of Mr. Bowyer, calisthenics instructor. The officers of the club are:

President—Dante Pettinelli

Vice-President—John Gillis

Secretary-Treasurer—William Quinn

The members of this organization are starting a new drill method for checking the work of the daily five minutes gymnastic period. This consists of a chart with all the names of the pupils whom the leaders have during the week. The perfect weekly score is five points. Pupils disorderly in class or absent lose points for each day of such an occurrence.

The Boy Leaders are as follows (the numbers after the names indicating how many semesters the pupils have been in the Leaders Club):

James Mc. Collom 1	John Gillis 2
Russell Hogan 2	Everett Wright 1
Joseph Glynn 1	George Anderson 1
Joe Joseph 5	John Gates 5
John Papile 2	Bernard Swartz 5
Walter Zanowski 5	Joseph Hogan 5
Mario Guarcello 2	Henry Di Meo 2
Thomas Keenan 5	Frank Giglio 5
John Barry 2	Dominic Gentile 2
Dante Pettinelli 5	Edwin Uzzel 2
Edward Pearlín 5	James DiNardo 1
Thomas Newton 5	Joseph Kovner 2
William Quinn 2	Reginald Law 1
Ralph Wheeler 5	Elio Moscardelli 1
Victor Di Gravio 2	John Lyons 9-1 2
Henry Papile 1	Gerald Burns 1
Olympio Pinzari 1	James O'Brien 1
	William Quinn, 9-1.

BASEBALL PRACTICE

The baseball practice session opened under the competent supervision of Mr. Bowyer with about one hundred eighth and ninth grade boys trying out for the school nine.

The first few weeks' practice was held in the school yard because there were no available fields. At these practices about five groups were formed and each boy was given an opportunity to bunt a few balls. This afforded excellent fielding practice on grounders.

Fore River Field was later procured and regular practice was held. Mr. Bowyer devoted special attention to the infielders and hitters, keenly observing the manner in which each individual fielded and hit. A

good hitter was almost certain to make the team, even though his fielding was not worthy of much praise. Just a helpful suggestion by Mr. Bowyer often aided an individual considerably.

The final lineup chosen for the team was:

J. McCollom, ss
A. Downton, 1b
A. Pompeo, 2b
J. Comparato, lf
J. Giacchetti, 3b
F. Sproule, cf
R. Sullivan, c
V. McDonald, rf
V. DiGravio, rf
P. Henderson, p
A. Hickey, p

James A. Hamill, 9-1.

BASEBALL GAMES

The Quincy Point Junior High baseball team opened its baseball season at Merry-mount Park, May eighth, and was nosed out by Central in a close conflict by the score of 4 to 3.

Henderson pitched a fine game of ball and would have easily won an ordinary game but Point just "didn't get the breaks." The loss may be attributed partially to his wildness, allowing seven bases on balls. Central's four runs resulted from three passes and a batter being hit by a pitched ball. Only two singles were made off Henderson, both by Central's right fielder. He completely baffled the rest of the Central team. Henderson whiffed twelve batters.

Point got away to a fine start in the second with Central leading by one run. McCullen hit through third and scored on Giacchetti's long triple to deep center. This was the batting feature of the game, landing near the fence. Giacchetti scored a moment later on Pompeo's timely single. The Green and White fans were filled with enthusiasm but the rally ended at this point. Point scored its final run in the fourth inning on a double by Sproule and Pompeo's second single of the day.

The result might have been different had not DiGravio dropped a fly with men on second and third, both players scoring on the error.

Central was out-hit by Point seven hits to two. Comparato and Pompeo each hit a brace of singles while Giacchetti, Sproule, and McCullen got one hit each, the two former going for extra bases.

The game was halted after the first half of the sixth inning because of rain. Point did not get its chance at bat in the last of the sixth inning. If they had—well there might have been a different ending!

The Point baseball team played its second game of the season with South Junior at Merrymount Park on May 12, and won by the score of 6 to 3.

Henderson pitched a no-hit game and would have shut out South had it not been for his lack of control in the last inning. Three walks, two infield outs, and a passed ball accounted for the three tallies in the final frame. He was replaced on the mound in the seventh by Hickey who pitched for two-thirds innings and passed one batter and struck out another. No less than fourteen passes were issued by Point pitchers in the seven innings. Six South batters were struck out.

Point scored four runs in the third inning on singles by Downton, McCullen, and Pompeo, Giacchetti's walk forcing in a run and two more singles by Sproule and Sullivan. Point chalked up two more runs in the fifth on passes to McDonald and Sullivan and Downton's double.

If Point continues to play the brand of ball displayed in this encounter it is certainly headed for the league championship.

James A. Hamill, 9-1.

GIRLS LEADERS CLUB

This club having forty-three members is about the largest in our school. Its officers are:

President—Pauline Wheble

Vice-President—Ruby Richards

Secretary—Elizabeth Sweeney

Treasurer—Elizabeth Christensen

The girls have just completed work on a chart entitled "Proper Clothes For Every Occasion." They bring in pictures of street, formal, informal and school clothes and these are put on the chart.

The every day work of the leaders is to go to their assigned rooms during setting-up drill and give the various exercises.

The following list comprises the members of the club and the number of semesters they have belonged:

Margaret Costello 1	Florence St. John 2
May Smith 4	Gladys Forsythe 2
Elizabeth Sweeney 2	Isabelle Ferguson 1
Dorothy Hayden 3	Ann Coulimore 1
Mildred Paulson 3	Elizabeth Conran 1
Emma Pearlman 1	Josephine Commisaro 1
Ruby Richards 3	Ruth Brick 1
Pauline Wheble 5	Margaret Green 2
Elizabeth Christensen 4	Mary Gacicia 1
Mary Bradley 2	Phyllis LaCoste 2
Marie Ryan 6	Lillian MacDonald 1
Adeline Parisi 1	Hilda MacDonald 1
Eleanor Saccone 1	Carmella Papile 1
Lillian Fleishman 2	Ida Spadorcia 2
Pearl Feldman 2	Frances Watt 2
Rita Crowley 1	Alice Boyd 1
Gertrude Booth 2	Hazel Melong 2
Marion Tracy 1	Florizel Begin 6
Elizabeth Hunt 2	Clara Stefanini 2
Madeline Jancaterino 1	Demonica Parisi 1
Jennie Juskie 1	Francis Stearn 1

Christina Muir 4

Rose Hack, 9-1.

POINT vs. NORTH

On Thursday, March 19, the girls of Quincy Point played against North Junior in basketball at North. Point won with a score of 9 to 5. The lineup was as follows:

First team

Agnes Costello, f
Tillie Calderone, f
Christine Hart, c
Margaret Frazier, se
Margaret Crichton, g
May Smith, g

Second team

Eleanor Brandolini, f
Fannie Greenberg, f
Edna Egan, c
Carmen Barba, g
Florizel Begin, g

Christine Hart, 9-4.

LUNCH PERIOD ACTIVITIES

During the latter part of the lunch period each day we have an opportunity to take part in some form of athletics under the supervision of the Leaders Club. Each boy and girl is assigned to a certain team in his or her grade. The boys play baseball, basketball, volley ball, or soccer, while the girls play either volley ball or slug ball, according to their team's schedule.

James A. Hamill, 9-1.



IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

"JIMMIE, just look at your neck! It's so dirty I don't think I'll ever be able to get it clean. You certainly haven't got **THE SKIN YOU LOVE TO TOUCH**. What is the matter with your neck? I believe I'll have to use the scrubbing brush—IT'S **THREE TO ELEVEN TIMES MORE POWERFUL** than soap."

"Gee, that will certainly give me that **SCHOOL GIRL COMPLEXION!**"

"Look at your hands. Do you think **THEY SATISFY?** I don't believe I'll ever get this dirt off."

"I guess not!—IT'S 99.44/100% PURE."

"And look at the dirt in that water. IT **FLOATS!**"

"Have a little pity! I bet **YOU ARE KIND TO YOUR THROAT.**"

"Why, Jimmie, soap is **KIND TO EVERY-THING IT TOUCHES.**"

"Yes, but I don't believe I'll be **MOUTH HAPPY** if any more soap finds its way there!"

"Jimmie, I believe this soap **KILLS TWO HUNDRED MILLION GERMS IN FIFTEEN SECONDS**. And now your neck is clean!"

"Yes? Well, I'd hate to have that every two hours for a treatment. Wow!"

"You may go now. After this remember to wash your own neck." Anna Wright, 9-5.

WHO'S WHO IN 9TH GRADE

Athletic—Arthur Downton.
 Artistic—Lawrence Dañahy.
 Irresponsible—Arthur Widner.
 Jolly—Abraham Cohen.
 Loquacious—Clifford Wilmath.
 Musical—Joe Joséph.
 Neat—May Smith.
 Sweet—Elizabeth Sweeney.
 Studious—Marshall Rosenhek.
 Youthful—Mario Guarcello.
 Zealous—Margaret Crichton.

There was a young man in old Boston
 Who owned a brand new baby Austin.
 But he met with a crash
 Oh! what a big smash!
 Now where is that fine baby Austin?

—Robert Gray, 8-1.

There was a young fellow named Fred.
 Who borrowed my dandy new sled.
 He went down a hill
 But then caught a chill
 And now he is lying in bed.

—Alex Steel, 8-6.

There was a fine fisher of Gloucester
 Who had a good ship but he lost her,
 And great was his grief,
 When she struck on the reef:
 This fisherman fellow of Gloucester.

—Irving Latham, 9-1.

SAY IT WITH SONGS

"Blue Again"—Algebra test in the morning.

"Tie a Little String Around Your Finger"—To remember homework.

"Beyond the Blue Horizon"—Our certificates.

"Reaching for the Moon"—For square and cube roots in Algebra.

"You're Driving Me Crazy"—Indirect statements and questions in Latin.

"Too Good to Be True"—Science test cancelled.

"Sweetheart of My Student Days"—Outside reading book (??).

"Little White Lies"—Excuses for not doing homework.

"Happy Days Are Here Again"—Vacations.

"Heartaches"—One subject keeps us off the honor roll.

"Say a Little Prayer For Me"—That I may pass all my tests.

Rose Hack, 9-1.

AROUND-THE-WORLD
IN THE U. S.

ATHENS, MAINE
ITHACA, N. Y.
CORINTH, N. Y.
TROY, N. Y.
ARCADIA, R. I.
ALEXANDRIA, N. H.
BRITAIN, MASS.
LONDON, CONN.
OXFORD, N. H.
BRISTOL, R. I.
BRIDGEWATER, MASS.
PLYMOUTH, MASS.
HULL, MASS.
DOVER, DEL.
BATH, MAINE
MANCHESTER, N. H.
HALIFAX, N. H.
BETHLEHEM, N. H.
JERICHO, VT.
BERLIN, N. H.
CHINA, MAINE
DENMARK, MAINE

JAMAICA, VT.
LISBON, MAINE
MADRID, MAINE
CALAIS, MAINE
NAPLES, MAINE
ROME, MAINE
FLORENCE, MASS.
MONTEREY, MASS.
TOLEDO, OHIO
FRANKFORT, TENN.
VERSAILLES, CONN.
PARIS, MAINE
MOSCOW, VT.
PERU, MAINE
POLAND, MAINE
HOLLAND, VT.
AMHERST, MASS.
SCOTLAND, MASS.
WALES, MASS.
GLASCO, CONN.
DUBLIN, N. H.
STRATFORD, CONN.
DAVID JOHNSTON, 9-2.

WANTED FOR OUR TEACHERS

1. A foundation for our TOWER.
2. Some one to explore our POLAND.
3. A garden in which to do our WEEDEN.
4. Chickens for our HAWKES.
5. A rocket to get to our MARR(s).
7. Some one to pick our BERRY.
8. Some one to read our SCRIPTER.
9. An arrow for our PIERCE.

WHY MEMBERS OF 9-1 GO TO
SCHOOL

John Lyons—To argue with Miss Weeden.
Thomas Keenan—To get ready to go home at 2.50.

Margaret Costello—To worry about tests.
William Quinn—To get a certificate.

Mildred Paulson—To giggle.

Marshall Rosenhek—Because he is a student.

Pauline Wheble—To talk to Clifford.

Elizabeth Sweeney—To sit near May.

May Smith—To sit near Elizabeth.

Frank Zablosky—To argue with the teachers.

Kenneth Booth—To disagree with all secretarial reports in English.

Mario Guarcello—To show his talent.

Clifford Wilmath—To go to assemblies and make speeches.

Barney Shaevitz—To dream.

Ralph Wheeler—To give setting-up-drills.

Dorothy Hayden—To show she's a good sport.

Marjorie Gould—To try to finish her homework in school.

Abraham Cohen—To do algebra (??).

Thomas Newton—Because Eddie goes there.

Edward Pearlin—Because Tom goes there.

Ruby Richards—To strive for a place on the honor roll.

Dante Pettenelli—To play basketball.

Emma Pearlin—To giggle at her brother.

Thomas Evans—To be liked by everyone.

Irving Latham—To back Clifford in all his campaigns.

James Hamill—To demonstrate his laugh (ho-ho-ho!).

Margaret Whalen—To do setting up drills with pep (??).

Richard Savage—To grin.

Helen Sandlovitz—To be cheery all the time.

Rose Hack—To discover why members of 9-1 go to school.

CLASS CENSUS

Philip Allicon

"Music do I hear? Ha! ha! Keep time!"

Robert Arnold

"It is easy for men to talk one thing and think another."

Samuel Asnes

"What think you of killing time?"

- Carmen Barba
Basketball, Reporters
"Her only fault is that she has no fault."
- John Barry
Leaders Club.
"A merry boy they called him then."
- Florizel Begin "Flora"
Leaders Club, Basketball.
"Is she not passing fair?"
- Harry Bell
Traffic.
"He is full of good intentions."
- Milton Biller "Milt"
Student Council.
"Words are women, men are deeds."
- Elaine Blaisdell
"For a good poet is made as well as born."
- Kenneth Booth "Kenny"
Orchestra "Pointer" Staff.
"Hear me, for I will speak."
- Edward Bowman Eddie
Basketball.
"I have an exposition of sleep come upon me."
- Fleanor Brandolini
Basketball.
"A good turn at need."
- Marie Bradford
"A woman's work, grave sir, is never done."
- Mary Bradley
Leaders Club, Glee Club, "Pointer" Staff.
"He that hath patience may compass every-thing."
- Catherine Brown
"Kitty, the witty."
- Kathryn Burke "Kay"
Glee Club, Reporters, "Pointer" Staff.
"She who appreciateth the stronger sex."
- William Cahill "Billy"
"Better late than never."
- Rita Calahan
"I speak in a monstrous little voice."
- Tillie Caldarone
Basketball.
"Have you summoned your wits from wool gathering?"
- Alex Carnathan
Traffic.
"A wise head makes a close mouth."
- Ruth Cashen
Traffic.
"I have a heart with room for everyone."
- Milton Catler
Glee Club.
"The best humoured man."
- Roland Cavicchi
"He that will not when he may
When he will he shall have nay."
- Mary Chiacchia "Fifi"
Student Council.
"Merrily, merrily, shall I live now."
- Earl Christensen
Traffic.
"The noise of many waters."
- Elizabeth Christiansen
Leaders Club, Glee Club.
"How at heaven's gates she claps her wings
The morn to waking when she sings."
- Leonard Cleaves
"Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick,
in such a bustling time?"
- Abraham Cohen "Abie"
"Pointer" Staff, Glee Club.
"Smile and the world smiles with you."
- Lucia Colella "Lucy"
Glee Club.
"Sing away sorrow, cast away care."
- Joseph Collins "Joe"
Basketball.
"An honest man's work is as good as his bond."
- John Comparato "Compy"
Baseball.
"No path of flowers leads to glory."
- Agnes Costello "Iggie"
Basketball.
"Silence is the perfected herald of joy."
- Margaret Costello "Margie"
Leaders Club, Glee Club.
"Don't trouble trouble, 'till trouble troubles you."
- Margaret Crichton
School President, Cheer Leader, Glee Club,
Basketball, "Pointer" Staff.
"Delay brings danger."
- Elisabeth D'Amato
Traffic.
"Good nature is an asset."
- Lawrence Danahy
"Pointer" Staff.
"Blessed with the gift of art."
- Francis DeCoste
Basketball, Soccer, Glee Club.
"A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day."
- Domenic Della Barba
Orchestra, Glee Club.
"With a heart as true as steel."
- Henry DeMeo
Leaders Club, Glee Club.
"His speech is a burning fire."
- Jennie Del Vechio
"Good to be merry and wise."
- Leon Deveau
"A parlous boy."
- Edward Dillon "Pickles"
"Pointer" Staff.
"Though I am young I scorn to flit
On the wings of borrowed wit."

- Grace DiTullio
"A blessed companion is a book,—
A book that's fitly chosen is a life long
friend."
- Mary D'Olimpio
"Heaven's help is better than early rising."
- Edith Danahy
"A fair exterior is a silent recommendation."
- Arthur Downton "Art"
Basketball, Baseball, Soccer.
"Absence conquers love."
- Marjorie Duggan
Glee Club.
"Diligence is the mother of good fortune."
- Edna Egan
Reporters, Basketball.
"Little said is soonest mended."
- Dorothy Ericsen "Dot"
"As full of sunshine as the breeze."
- Thomas Evans "Pug"
Glee Club.
"I hold he loves me most that calls me
Tom."
- Hugo Follum
"Pointer" Staff.
"Were I so tall to reach the pole
Or grasp the ocean with my span
I must be measured by my soul
The mind's the standard of the man."
- Mary Fostello
Student Council.
"Silence gives consent."
- Edna Foy
"Like—but oh how different."
- Margaret Frazier "Frenchy"
Basketball.
"Good talkers are only found in Paris."
- James Gallagher "Jim"
"Respect the faculty that form thy judgment."
- John Gates "Jack"
Leaders Club.
"Manners, the final and perfect flower of
noble character."
- Dominic Gentile
Leaders Club.
"A workman that needeth not to be ashamed."
- Lillian Georgette "Lil"
"As merry as the day is long."
- Anna Giglio
"An angel—or if not,
An earthly paragon!"
- Frank Giglio "Kelly"
Basketball, Leaders Club, Soccer.
"Hard as a piece of nether mill stone."
- Norman Gilbert "Normie"
"Hope against hope, and ask till ye receive."
- Winifred Gill "Winnie"
Orchestra.
"Such joy ambition finds."
- Georgina Gillan "Ina"
Glee Club.
"Blushing is the color of virtue."
- Annie Goldberg
"Her voice was ever soft—gentle and low,
an excellent thing in woman."
- John Goldie
Soccer.
"He was not merely a chip off the old block,
But the old block, itself."
- George Gorbunoff
Traffic.
"Report me and my cause aright."
- Dana Gould
"Pointer" Staff.
"To be or not to be; that is the question."
- Marjorie Gould
"Pointer" Staff.
"Oh, manners gentle and affections mild."
- Fanny Greenberg "Fagie"
Basketball.
"She is of a free and open nature."
- Robert Greene "Bob"
"Wisdom is no better than rubies."
- Martha Greenwood
Glee Club.
"Here comes the lady. Oh! so light of foot."
- Mario Guarcello "Squash"
Leaders Club.
"A dark haired cheery lad is he—
He'd be a friend to all;
He has a great and brilliant mind
Though young in years and small."
- Mildred Gullicksen "Millie"
"Push on—keep moving."
- Rose Hack
"Pointer" Staff.
"Intelligence is not her only virtue."
- Carl Haefner
"Fate loves the fellow who is scared,
Who trembles in his dread,
But when his fears cry out 'Don't go'—
His will cries 'Go ahead'."
- Antoon Hajjar
"Pointer" Staff, Glee Club.
"The very pineapple of politeness is he."
- James Hamill
"Pointer" Staff.
"Now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly or I can run."
- Christine Hart "Cuddles"
Glee Club, Basketball, "Pointer" Staff.
"Here's metal more attractive."
- Dorothy Hayden "Dot"
Leaders Club.
"She is fair like a memory in May."
- Evelyn Hedlund
"When looks were fond and words were few."

- Paul Henderson "Bud"
Baseball.
"Neither rhyme nor reason."
- Andrew Hickey "Pete"
Baseball.
"This earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman."
- Joseph Hogan "Joe"
Glee Club, "Pointer" Staff, Leaders Club, Traffic.
"Tenors to the right of him
Tenors to the left of him
Basses in back of him
Bellowed and thundered!"
- David Johnston
"The world is a wheel and it will all come
round right."
- Alexander Johnstone "Alex"
"Little said is soonest mended."
- Joseph Joseph "Hubbler", "Joe"
Glee Club, Orchestra, Leaders Club.
"All hail! The Burgomaster."
- Edwin Josselyn "Eddie"
"Hold the fort! I'm coming."
- Evelyn Jensen "Molly"
"Speech is great,—but silence is greater."
- Thomas Keenan "Tom"
Leaders Club.
"Tis true through life I have not toiled."
- Carolyn Kenney
Glee Club, Basketball, "Pointer" Staff.
"Let thy speech be better than silence, or be
silent."
- Eugene Kirby "Gene"
Student Council, "Pointer" Staff.
"I like work; it fascinates me,
I can sit and look at it for hours.
I love to keep it by me—
The idea of getting rid of it nearly breaks
my heart."
- Louise Langton
"I shall be as secret as the grave."
- Irving Latham "Whiff"
"Pointer" Staff.
"One who is clever, very,
In all things literary."
- Janet Lander "Jenny"
Glee Club.
"Imagination is the air of the mind."
- Mary Leahy
"To sigh, yet not recede; to grieve, yet not
repent."
- Margaret Leonard
"Nothing is impossible to a willing heart."
- Theodore Levovich "Teddy"
"He hates him much that would upon the
rack of this tough world stretch him out
longer."
- Westley Lord
"I know a hawk from a hand saw."
- Nellie Luciani
Glee Club.
"Quiet, but a steadfast friend."
- John Lyons, 9-1 "Duke"
Leaders Club.
"I am monarch of all I survey."
- John Lyons, 9-4
Glee Club.
"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."
- Vincent MacDonald
Baseball.
"A guilty conscience never feels secure."
- Elizabeth Macfee "Betty"
Basketball, Glee Club, Orchestra, "Pointer"
Staff, Cheer Leader.
"Her part has not been words, but deeds."
- Christine Mallett "Chris"
Glee Club, Orchestra, "Pointer" Staff, Traffic.
"She wields her bow with skill."
- Josephine Marchesiani "Jo"
"Pointer" Staff.
"I hear, yet say not much."
- Annette Marino
"No one knows how much I want to grow."
- Anthony Marino "Tony"
"So, therefore, I am merry."
- Bernard Mattie
"Pointer" Staff, Glee Club.
"Studios of ease and fond of great things."
- Marie McArdell
Glee Club.
"My soul delighteth in sitting still."
- John McCormack "Mac"
"A ship! A ship! My kingdom for a ship!"
- James McGuire "Jimmy"
"For the sea's call and the star's call—
But oh! for the call of a bird!"
- Evelyn McKeen "Evey"
"Not too serious, not too gay, but altogether
a jolly good girl."
- Margaret McLean
"Pointer" Staff.
"Come, give us a taste of your quality."
- James McNamara "Mac"
"A helping hand is thine."
- Rita Melong
"Pointer" Staff.
"What thou art we know not."
- Alice Messier
"The mirror of all courtesy."
- James Mezzetti
"Many small make a great."
- James Mitchell "Mitch"
"There is no wisdom like frankness."
- Margaret Moss "Peg"
Reporters Club.
"I am here: I shall remain here."

Christina Muir "Chrissie"
Basketball, Leaders Club.
"Learn to say 'No.' It will be of more use
to you than Latin."

Eleanor Nardone "Elly"
"She looks as if butter would melt in her
mouth."

Thomas Newton "Tommy"
Leaders Club, Glee Club.
"Comb down his hair. Look! look! it stands
upright."

Frances Nigro
"A diligent scholar."

Josephine Notrangelo "Josie"
"Nothing venture, nothing gain."

✓ David Page
Leaders Club, Basketball, Soccer.
"The force of his own merit makes his way."

William Panepinto
"Shall I, like a hermit, dwell
On rock or in a cell?"

John Papile "Pap"
Leaders Club.
"Sir, I would rather be right than Presi-
dent."

Adeline Parise
Leaders Club.
"Always merry, never sad."

Demonica Parise "Denny"
Leaders Club.
"Fair words never hurt the tongue."

Dorothy Parker "Dot"
"She floats upon the river of her thoughts."

John Paronick
Traffic.
"A blithe heart makes merry."

Ruth Patten "Pat"
Reporters
"I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise and good."

Mildred Paulson "Millie"
Leaders Club, Glee Club.
"The world, dear Agnes, is a strange affair."

Edward Pearlin "Eddy"
Leaders Club.
"I must have my little joke."

Emma Pearlin "Em"
Leaders Club, Orchestra.
"Politeness costs nothing and gains every-
thing."

Amelia Petta
"A kind of excellent discourse."

Dante Pettinelli
Leaders Club, Basketball, Glee Club.
"I would help others out of my fellow-
feeling."

Agnes Pitts "Aggie"
"One never regrets his silence."

Arthur Pompeo
Baseball.
"Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast,—
'Twill tire."

Louise Post "Posty"
"Promise is most given when the least is
said."

Leonard Pottle
"Lazy folks' stomachs don't get tired."

Russell Preston "Russ"
Orchestra, Reporters.
"A bold, bad man."

Margaret Provan "Maggie"
"Pointer" Staff.
"Out of my lean and low ability I will lend
you something."

Dorothy Quinn
"Knowledge, the wing with which we fly."

William Quinn "Willy"
Leaders Club, "Pointer" Staff.
"He must be quiet round the house—
At least in school he's like a mouse."

Melvin Quigley "Quack"
"A man I am, crossed with adversity."

Jack Rae
Reporters.
"A Scottish man is always wise behind the
hand."

Helen Renaud "Frenchy"
"Tis well to be merry."

Ruby Richards "Bee"
Leaders Club.
"Cheerful whenever you meet her."

✓ John Robertson "Jock"
Traffic.
"Hoot, mon!"

Fred Rosatone
Traffic.
"His enemies shall bite the dust."

Marshall Rosenhek "Mush"
Orchestra, Reporters.
"A musician of note is he."

Marie Ryan
Leaders Club.
"Trying to do something and failing is in-
finitely better than trying to do nothing and
succeeding."

Eleanor Saccone
Leaders Club.
"Don't put too fine a point to your wit for
fear it should be blunted."

Sam Sandanato
"Undaunted spirit in a living breast."

Helen Sandlovitz "Sandy"
"A girl, light-hearted and content."

Norman Sandlovitz "Sandie"
"He gets through too late, who goes too
fast."

- Richard Savage "Dick"
Reporters.
"The man that blushes is not quite a brute."
- Laura Schofield "Carrots"
"Remember the end and thou shalt never do amiss."
- Barney Shaevitz
Orchestra, Glee Club.
"Though he comes here, we are sure the thoughts of this gentleman are elsewhere."
- Robert Shaw "Bob"
"Young in limbs, in judgment old."
- Naiffe Simon "Nay"
Glee Club.
"Majestic silence!"
- Willis Slaven "Stub"
Reporters Club.
"The frivolous work of polished idleness."
- May Smith
Leaders Club, Basketball, Glee Club.
"A quiet, even temperament,
And in her work she's quite content."
- Donald Somers "Don"
"Sensible men never tell."
- Francis Sprowle
Baseball.
"The pen is mightier than the sword."
- William Sprowle
"Never a trouble, never a frown."
- Olga Stawnuk
Basketball, Orchestra.
"In her tongue is the law of kindness."
- Toivo Siitonen
"A short saying oft contains much wisdom."
- Frances Stern "Frankie"
Leaders Club.
"Another tumble! That's her precious nose!"
- William Stevenson
"If it were done, when 'tis done,
Then 'twere well—'twere done quickly."
- Edith Sullivan "Edie"
Traffic, Glee Club.
"The hand that made you fair hath made you good."
- Geraldine Sullivan
"Brevity is the soul of wit."
- Russell Sullivan "Sully"
Basketball, Soccer, Baseball, Reporters.
"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the greatest men."
- James Swan "Jimmie"
Glee Club, Soccer, Reporters, Orchestra.
"The world knows only two—that's Rome and I."
- Bernard Swartz "Benny"
Basketball, Leaders Club, Soccer.
"I have not slept a wink."
- Thelma Swartz "Tammie"
"Laughter gets her by."
- Elizabeth Sweeney
Leaders Club.
"What sweet delight a quiet life affords."
- Barbara Tobey
Glee Club.
"To a woman, silence is an ornament."
- Fausto Tocchio
"Well timed silence hath more eloquence than speech."
- Esric Trubiano "Truby"
Reporters.
"A merry little man."
- Vesta Turner
Glee Club, Reporters.
"A happy disposition is the gift of nature."
- Edwin Uzzell
Leaders Club.
"Grand, gloomy and peculiar."
- Avis Walker
"Pointer" Staff.
"Away with all delay."
- Marjorie Walsh "Margy"
Leaders Club.
"I have no other but a woman's reason."
- Margaret Whalen
"Swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath."
- Pauline Wheeler
Leaders Club, Glee Club.
"A smiling face, a soft voice."
- Ralph Wheeler
Leaders Club, Soccer.
"Be sure of it. Give me the ocular proof."
- Arthur Widner "Smoke"
"Oh, why should life all labour be?"
- Clifford Wilmath "Cliff"
Student Council, 9th Grade Class President.
"My tongue is the pen of a ready writer."
- Robert Wishart "Rob"
"Not a word."
- Anna Wright "Micky"
"Pointer" Staff, Student Council.
"True as the dial to the sun."
- Lillian Wyman
Student Council.
"Women of few words are best."
- Frank Zablosky
Glee Club.
"The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder."
- Walter Zanowsky
Leaders Club, Basketball.
"He was full of joke and jest."

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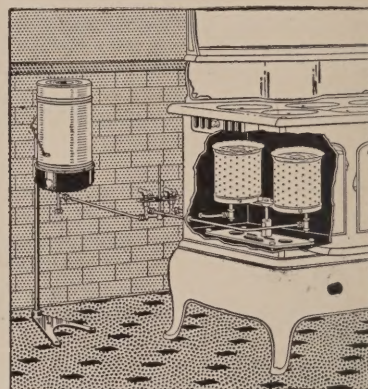
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